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IN THIS ISSUE:

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI	Frontispiece
AN ANNOUNCEMENT	7
MADAME AND THE UNPAID RENT	James Whittaker 9
EDITORIAL	Deems Taylor 11
MURIEL KERR, <i>A New Portrait</i> 12
HITCHING JAZZ TO A STAR	Hiram Motherwell 13
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING	Ivan Narodny 14 and 15
BOSTON BATTLES—OLD AND NEW	H. T. Parker 17
MUSICAL MASTER WORKS—BEETHOVEN	Lawrence Gilman 18
BEETHOVEN—A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LITHO- GRAPH	S. J. Woolf 19
HONORS WAIT ON DUKAS	David Ewen 20
MR. SCOTT'S PRIVATE LIFE	Homer Henley 21
NANETTE GUILFORD, <i>A New Portrait</i> 22
PIZZETTI'S FRA GHERARDO	Dorothy Crowthers 23
THE TOSCANINI MIRACLE	Irving Weil 25
DANCING AMERICANS—THE NEW DANCERS	Ivan Narodny 26, 27
SMOKE BOMBS AND PUGLISM IN LONDON	Leigh Henry 28
MR. CHALIAPIN SPEAKS	Sulamith Ish-Kishor 29
DE WOLF HOPPER—A JUBILEE	R. H. Wollstein 30, 31
MORE FACTS ON STRADIVARI	Anthony Clyne 32
MUSICAL AMERICANA	Hollister Noble 33, 34
MORE MEMBERS OF THE CRITICAL CHAIN GANG	Drawings by Aline Fruhauf 35
"DER FREISCHUTZ" REDIVIVUS	William Spier 37
RADIO AND THE TURN OF THE DIAL	David Sandow 42, 44

COVER DRAWING Harold Jacobs

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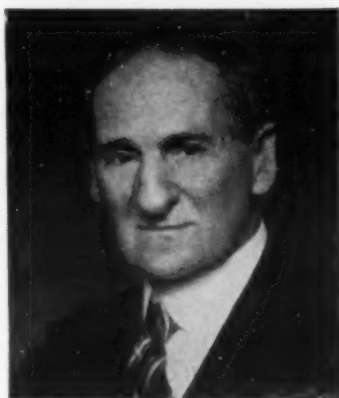
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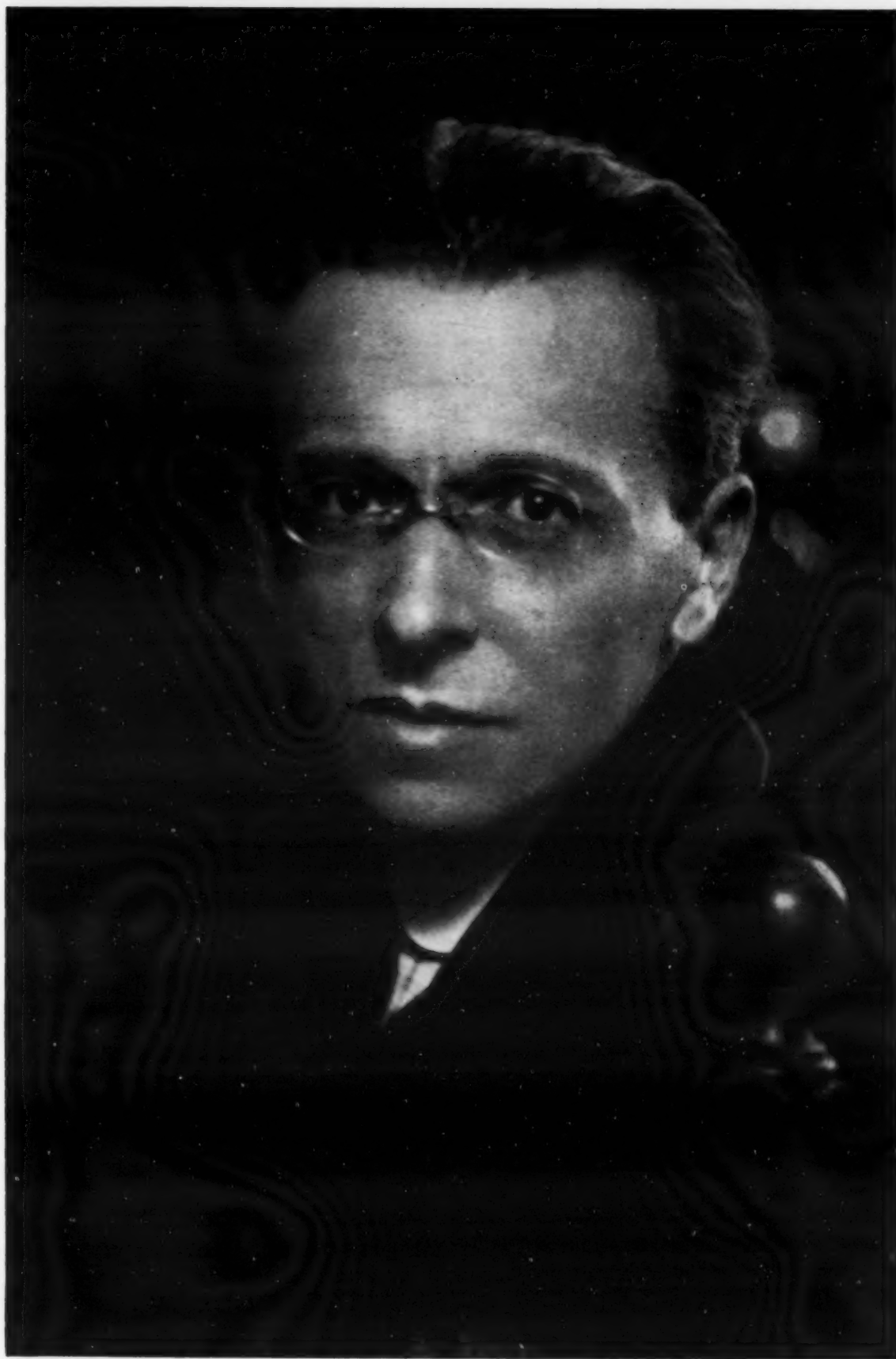
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HE swore he would not write for any more magazines. Newspaper work was enough to keep any man busy during his waking hours, without robbing sleep in order to do extra work that he didn't want to do, didn't have to do, and would be very much hanged if he *would* do. ¶¶ Thus spake, not Zarathustra, but W. J. Henderson, the famous critic of the New York Sun. ¶¶ Nevertheless, the editor of MUSICAL AMERICA dared to ask him a question. It was a fairly long one, and a hard one to answer, and W. J.

Henderson is one of the few men in the world who could answer it at all. This, because he has had four decades of experience in hearing and discussing music and musicians, because his immense first-hand acquaintance with the past has not in the least blunted his interest in the present or his curiosity regarding the future, and because, besides being a brilliant stylist, he is one of the fairest and most penetrating of living music critics. ¶¶ Then the miracle happened. Whether out of sheer exasperation at an importunate questioner, or interest in the question, or, as one suspects, out of sheer generosity—whatever the reason, W. J. Henderson consented. ¶¶ The question and Mr. Henderson's answer, at length, will appear in the next issue of MUSICAL AMERICA. It will, we honestly believe, settle conclusively a dispute that has been raging for many years, and will prove a valuable and permanent contribution to the history of music in America.

VERNE PORTER,
President



ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI

M. Catagneri, Milan

A dominating figure of contemporary Italian composition, whose "Fra Gherardo" is to have its American premiere at the Metropolitan late this month.

MADAME AND THE UNPAID RENT

CAN A COMPOSER LIVE BY COMPOSING, AND IF NOT, WHAT THEN?

By James Whittaker

MAURICE RAVEL is circularizing the musicians of the world, particularly rich America, in behalf of a Russian composer who is starving. This is the current instance of the economic problem of the composer unsolved. There is always a current instance.

It was not so long ago that we were being circularized in behalf of Moritz Moszkowski. Our checks got to Switzerland just in time to be indorsed by the undertaker. Moszkowski, indeed, lived a career whose economic curve was a classic illustration of the impossibility of surviving in any age or any place when musical composition is the sole source of bread. It will be admitted that Moszkowski, while he never sang in unison with the stars, also never was completely vulgar; that his talent was small, the use of it honest; that his career would probably be the average one of him who writes.

He lived in Paris in a comfortable, even elegant, little apartment in the rue Blanche, where a good cook served a good meal on a table set in the embrasure of a street window. The host poured good wine. It was a little life, but good. There were a few windfalls in the form of pupils from across the seas who paid astonishing fees to be told at headquarters how to finger the Spanish Caprice. But the steady, reliable source of income was the royalty agreement with Peters of Leipzig, who put him in pink covers, like Grieg. So, for many years, he seemed, in his comfortable Rue Blanche rooms, with the cook and the bottles and the random pupil, a refutation of the thesis that from his pen no writer of music may live. It was his having come so near to triumph that made Moszkowski the perfect instance. If he had paid his own way to the grave, then it might have been said that it is only difficult, not altogether impossible to live by the ruled paper and the pen. But all this disappeared. It was anomalous and could not endure. It was a composer's dream; and Moszkowski woke up. When he rubbed his old eyes, the apartment, the cook, the table all laid, and the bottle in a napkin were gone, and the reality was a Swiss boarding house with Madame in the door waving an unpaid bill.

It does no good to cry out about the failure of the product in pink covers which Moszkowski furnished and Peters sold. It is true that Mr. Gillette can hang on to the profits from his patented flake of sharpened steel longer than may M. Ravel on to those from his *Valse* for symphony orchestra, and that something might be done about copyright laws. It is true that, while Moszkowski was

selling his piano, the heirs of Herr Peters of Leipzig weren't missing a meal. But also the truth is that Moszkowski's fate could not have been helped by amendments of contracts or international copyright conventions. Before any of his works went into the public domain their sale had diminished, then ceased.

Moszkowski is the whole negative in a debate as to whether the composer can live from his product. His was work of the most vendable kind. It is doubtful if even the most successful of American popular tune writers will show a greater total of sales in the end than did this prolific maker of honorable trifles of the legitimate grade. A better writer than Moszkowski, on the other hand, will sell longer but, during his life, less well. Moszkowski, then, stood in the middle ground, theoretically, where men are exposed neither to the horrid calamities of adversity nor the uncomfortable buffetings of triumphant success. He played safe, and with aces in his hand. If Moszkowski ended in Potter's Field, what composer is going to end anywhere else?

In the salon of a musical lady of Paris the subject was this one of which we write, and Arthur Honegger was answering the questions put. Here is another composer whose economic trajectory, insofar as it may be predicted now, is toward money success. A good many of the obstacles between himself and the rewards have already been cleared, and he is still alive, free to scribble on manuscript paper for many hours of each day, and in good health. The impertinent query was: "Now that *Le Roi David* is being done by oratorio societies here and there all over the world, and now that a producer of super-jewel movie epics has commissioned you to write the sound effects, is your pen paying your rent?"

Honegger pardoned the impertinence with his reply: "I have a father who has paid my living expenses until now. It might be a matter of general interest if I could continue on my own with no resource but my composing. If one of us could do it, so might many more. In a couple of years, maybe, I will be living on the returns from my pen. Frankly, I don't expect to, though. I wouldn't be making music so much as miracles if I did."

One of Honegger's experiences has its point. The King David oratorio, which is the only work by which he is widely known, yields him practically no income at all. When it was written he was so poor and eager to have a hearing that he was driven to accept whatever terms were offered. Approximately they



were: less than enough to live on while the work was being done, outright sale of the manuscript for a ridiculous price, surrender of his interest in the future of the work. And, to put an accent on the irony, he has recently been threatened with suit by his publisher, who demands the original manuscript. An offer has been made for it by a collector, and this money must by no chance slip through the publisher's hands. Right, as it is legally defined, seems to be with the publisher. Here is a beautiful instance of poverty begetting more poverty. Given an absolutely consistent train of events, Honegger should have begun with a less on *Le Roi David* and gone from there on down. Note that it has been no series of more and more remunerative writings that have brought Honegger within hoping distance of a living return on his creative output, but a fortunate domestic circumstance which has given him the power to wait. Without the paternal subvention, Honegger would still be taking what the pawn-broker instincts of publishers offered.

Whenever the Horatio Alger formula is fitted to a composer, the name of Richard Strauss is used. Strauss married a lady Pschorr of the brewing Pschorrs, and it was beer, not genius, nor Siegfriedian heroism that gave canny Richard his singular success in the esthetic markets of the world. So long as Germans were thirsty, Strauss could wait for the second offer, and the third and fourth made by impresarios and orchestra managers for the performance and publication rights to his works. That gave normal results: the thing that was withheld gained in price.

Vincent d'Indy, in the Schola Cantorum of Paris, preaches an idealistic concept of the creative musician living in and by music. His instance is Cesar Franck; poor Cesar Franck, who scurried from pupil to pupil all day long, scurried to his organ loft, scurried home to add ten measures to the symphony in progress, was scurrying to an appointment on the day he scurried under the wheels of a horse-cab and, being very old and worn by much scurrying, lay down and died. All unconsciously, d'Indy is himself an instance of how the principle does not work. He was a wealthy man when, with other wealthy men, he founded the Schola Cantorum. Ever since, he has watched his fortune melt.

The obvious fact is that the career of the composer is one into which money is emptied, not one from which money comes out. A planning of a writing career which considers this phenomenon implies a seeking out of a sinecure. The musical sinecure has disappeared utterly and by no Julliard Foundation, endowed mid-western conservatorium or New York banker will it be, in this age, restored. A sinecure is here defined to be that obscure employment, guaranteed perpetual, divorced from the whim of giver, which, once obtained, conducts the holder by safe pensional gradations to a bought-and-paid-for grave. In its ideal form it has nothing to do with the labor to which the holder's life is dedicated. The fact that Haydn catered symphonies to a high liver who took music after meals and that Franck retailed the hours of his soul over the keyboards of uprights out of tune argues, not that their successors should do likewise, but the reverse. Who is going to maintain that, out of the musical butcheries to which he was party all his days, came by revulsion or any other process, the making of Franck's

Three Chorals for Great Organ? The argument rings familiar. It is, in another guise, the one with which the coal-miners of Wales are consoled; it is ordained that those who dig a thing shall spit it and die of it, too.

The sinecure which fits our case, the one the composer must have, exists, here in America as ready to hand as was the patronage of Rudolf to the writing arm of Beethoven. It is with no intent to give this argument a sudden twist of buffoonery at its end that the following lines are copied from a Civil Service publication of the day:

Celebration

*Dance, clover;
Bee, shout!
Sing out,
Anemone;
Softly, wind,
Caress the grass;
Let the birds pass
In a white cloud;
Laugh, rose;
Harebell, ring;
Here is Spring
And a vast blue sky.
Oh my!*

—Josiah Titzell

EXAMINATIONS ANNOUNCED
Program Director, Municipal Broadcasting Station; \$4,200 a year.
Assistant Director, Municipal Broadcasting Station; \$3,000 a year.
Inspector of R.R. Signals, \$3,120 a year.
Mechanical Draftsman, Grade 4; \$3,120 a year.

RESIGNATIONS

Oscar Erlandsen, Superintendent of Sewers, leaving vacant appointment at \$5,250 a year.

CIVIL SERVICE BILLS PASSED

Raising salaries of Queens Cy. Court reporters to; \$5,000 a year.
Raising salaries of Supreme Court reporters to; \$6,000 a year.

Creation of Park Police at; \$3,400 a year.

Some of the salaries seem low? The perquisites are said nearly to double each one. Superintendent of Sewers and Mechanical Draftsman, Grade 4, baffle the musical aspirant? They do not baffle the informed gentlemen who occupy such posts and know of sewerage and mechanical draftsmanship not so much as how they are spelled. And director of programs over the municipal radio? The only criticism that comes to mind is that the job is a little too close to musical matters: his sinecure hours should, for his menal health, keep the musician far from the subject of his ecstatic monomania. The Park Police post (\$3,400, plus perquisites and clothes) is what illuminates this desirous eye. Moreover, the above choices are from a meagre city list. The choicest posts, it is learned, are open for competition in the Spring, when the fat Federal lists are published. Cramming for the competitive exams, it may be noted, most usually takes the form of a letter forwarded through the most influential channels available to one's congressman.

The Good Prince of the *Envoies* has come to life in our day. His name is Civil Service. A hundred billion application blanks distribute his largesse and gracious smile.



Valentine in April

*I wish you strong to take the wind,
I wish you far and free,
With loves to kiss and leave behind—
But never one like me.*

*I wish you summer suns and sleep
With secret singing near,
And a hundred loves to hold and keep—
But never one—my dear!*

—Louise Dutton

ONE of this month's "success" magazines carries an interview with an American business man who started with a certain corporation as a day laborer and is now, at the age of forty-four, its president. He attributes his achievement, one need hardly add, to hard work, and the fact that, in his own words, "I haven't cluttered my head with things not in my line." ¶ If that statement is to be taken literally, one cannot help wondering how much fun this American hopes to get out of the second half of his life. Here is a man who, by modern standards, is a success, who has been on earth nearly half a century, and who has not yet discovered anything of pleasure or profit beyond his "line." Books cannot be in his line, since, as he announces, his reading has been confined to works on economic and technical subjects. Concerts cannot be in his line; for no man who works ten to fifteen hours every day—as he says he does—can have time for much else beyond eating and sleeping. The theatre cannot be in his line, for the same reason. Pictures must be out of his line. He must have little time to waste in dancing or singing or playing or riding or shooting or sailing a boat, or even for doing nothing at all. ¶ Where is he going, this captain of industry, and when he gets there—what of it? If the human race consistently followed his example, and refused to clutter its head with things not in its line, where would we be? We would have no literature, no painting, no sculpture, no poetry, no drama, no music; we would be living in tents; and our furniture would consist strictly of things to cook with, things to eat from, and things to sleep on. For it is fairly obvious that any branch of art or handicraft exists only through the interest and patronage of those who are not directly concerned with producing it. People cannot live by taking in each other's washing, and the artist must starve whose only customers are other artists. ¶ We erect monuments to the world's great painters and poets and musicians, and celebrate their centenaries. Somewhere, I think, there might be a monument to that international unknown soldier, the art amateur; the man whose willingness to clutter his mind with pleasant and non-interest-bearing things makes possible the existence of a Rembrandt, a Shakespeare, or a Beethoven.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

March 10, 1929



MURIEL KERR

A member of the younger generation whose playing at the Schubert Memorial Concert last December established her right to be taken seriously as a pianist.

From a portrait study made for Musical America by Edwin F. Townsend.

HITCHING JAZZ TO A STAR

WHERE IT SHINES WITH LESS EFFULGENCE THAN ON EARTH

By Hiram Motherwell

NOT many years ago someone discovered that jazz, when it is good jazz, is good music. This self-evident observation would perhaps never have reverberated in Carnegie Hall had not someone else, at the same time, discovered that jazz is our native folk-music, the "spontaneous expression of the American spirit." It then became a kind of patriotic duty to prove that entire symphonies and operas could be made out of jazz. Indeed, I believe that several gentlemen offered prizes for something of the sort. Although none of them has yet been obliged to pay up, the subject is still a live one, especially with the performance this spring of Gershwin's symphonic farce, "An American in Paris," by the Philharmonic and Krenek's alleged jazz opera, "Jonny Spielt Auf," at the Metropolitan.

The moral or patriotic imperative alleged in connection with jazz has of course falsified the whole subject. There is no reason why any American composer "ought" to write jazz symphonies, any more than he "ought" to write battle songs to win the next war, or mammy songs to preserve the home, or—for that matter—any music whatever unless his ideas seem to him so important that he can't help it. I don't mean that jazz symphonies and operas shouldn't be written. What I mean is (I don't know how else to say it) that they shouldn't *ought* to be written. But if by artistic compulsion they are written and turn out to be good, then let us heartily give thanks.

But what is this I see? A myriad accusing fingers pointing at me while an anvil chorus of indignant voices challenges:

"What do you mean by jazz? Define your terms."

Well, if it is definitions you want, you can have half a dozen of them, one about as unsatisfactory as another. One could mention the misplaced accent, the anticipated cadence, the alternation of major technical matters. But this business of definition in terms of objective characteristics is just as unscientific as definition in terms of subjective feeling—no, more so. For by the one, specialists can never reach a conclusion; while by the other enthusiasts can really agree on what they are talking about. My small daughter has just taxed me for a definition of jazz songs, and when I said they were "wiggly songs" she was satisfied. And, I think, very rightly.

The truth is that everyone knows perfectly well what jazz is. It is all that body of American popular music (most of it bad) written in 2-4 or 4-4 time which has those rhythmic or melodic characteristics that we feel to be native to America. For me, personally, jazz is that music which makes me want to dance jazzy. And that is the quality in it which distinguishes it, for me, from all other music.

But I want to get away from pedantry and dispute in this matter, as well as from patriotism, because there are so many sorts of charming and vitalizing aesthetic experience to be had from jazz that I itch to speculate on what could be done with it in the larger forms. Those who don't get such pleasure from it are naturally not interested in the matter, and will be kind enough not to answer back.

Now assuming (what is yet unproved) that jazz can be successfully manipulated in the larger forms (Mr. Gershwin has already aroused our hopes) what, it has been asked, is the point in doing so? Why take tunes which are primarily meant for certain types of dance, and certain simple song patterns lasting two or three minutes, and puff them up to the length of one to three hours? There is only one reason: a jazz symphony may be no better intrinsically than another kind of symphony, but if the pleasure it gives is of a particular sort it is artistically justified. It is not mere differentness that we want, of course, but authenticity. Jazz has shown (again, by the subjective test) that it can evoke a distinct order of aesthetic emotions; if these emotions are capable of being heightened and intensified by more elaborate development, the result justifies itself. It merits neither condemnation for its shoddy origins, nor commendation for its "patriotism."

It is because jazz seems to me (or rather feels to me) to have so much authentic charm and vitality, and such a variety of moods, and because

this potential vigor seems unfairly cramped in the rigid mould of the sheet-music song, that I am so eager to see it get its chance to tell its story untrammelled. For jazz at its best is, I am convinced, capable of symphonic development; it is, if I may coin a German word, "*symphoniefähig*." Jazz is more than a dance type; more than a rhythmic trick. You cannot imagine a waltz symphony, or a mazurka symphony; but you *can* imagine a jazz symphony—we are imagining it right now.

What makes a theme *symphoniefähig*? It is vitality combined with capacity for development. There are some tunes which bore you on second hearing. There are other tunes, good ones, with which you can do nothing but repeat them. Waltz tunes are such; you can vary them, but you cannot develop them. A symphonic theme must have hidden germs of beauty, unsensed reserves of vitality, which only the composer can nurse into life. My favorite example is the second theme of the last movement of Schubert's C major.

(Continued on page 55)

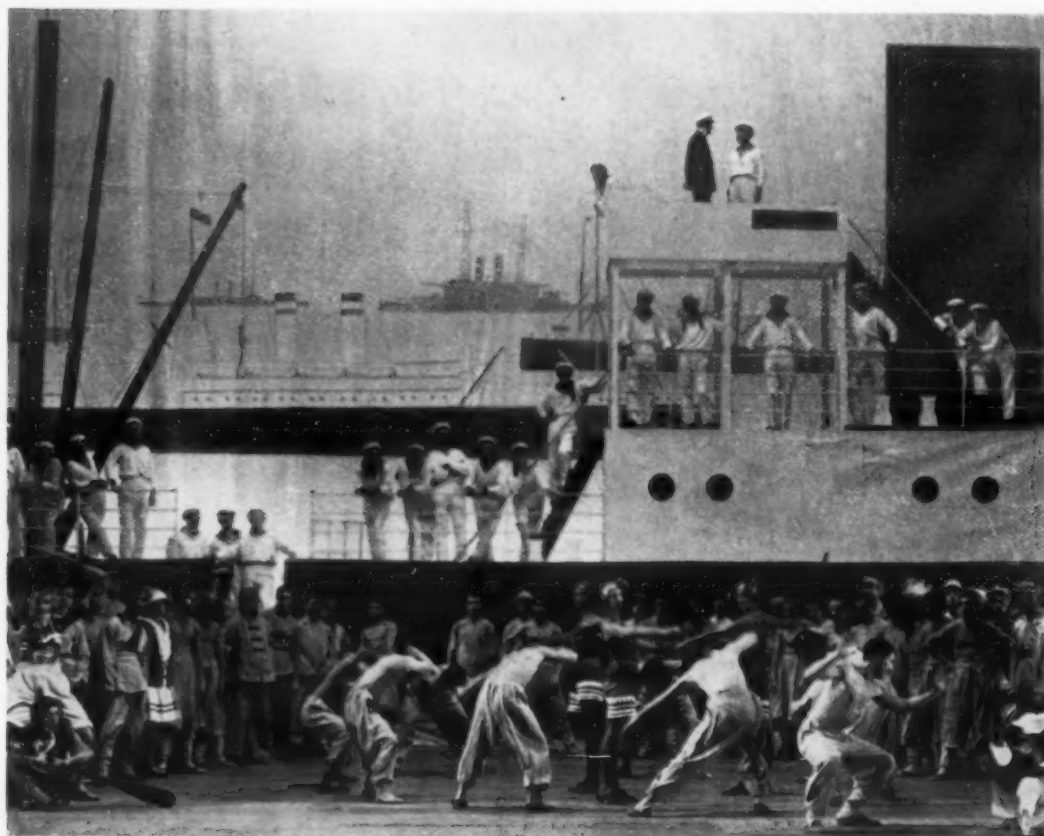


MR. GERSHWIN SETS THE PACE



THE ORIENTAL METROPOLIS—A SCENE FROM GLIERE'S "RED POPPY," A BALLET OF CHINA AND IMPRESSIONISM, AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN LENINGRAD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN JANUARY OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

A NEW INVASION FROM RUSSIA



IN A CHINESE PORT—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF SOVIET MISE-EN-SCENE FROM THE GLIERE WORK IN ITS LENINGRAD PERFORMANCE. ARTISTIC RIVALRY BETWEEN RUSSIAN MUSICAL CENTERS HAS MADE IT NECESSARY FOR THE SAME BALLET TO BE CONCEIVED ANEW IN EACH CITY.

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

WITH ACROBATIC ARTISTS AND COMEDIANS IN THEIR GRAND BALLET

By Ivan Narodny

FOR THE first time in Soviet history the celebrated Grand Ballet Russe is going to leave its native soil. This coming autumn the ballet makes a five months' tour of Germany, France, England and the United States. The company will consist of ballerinas, dancers, acrobatic artists, two stage, two musical and two ballet directors, besides a number of special comedians and specialists in make-up—to the number of ninety-six—and will also carry costumes and scenery. Reinhold Gliere, the composer and well-known orchestra conductor, will accompany the ballet, and his famous ballet, "*Krasny Mak*—the Red Poppy," is going to be the leading number of the touring company.

The Grand Ballet Russe proposes, in addition, to perform on its tour three other different ballets: "*Esmeralda*" on the subject of Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame*," with music by Puni and Gliere's re-orchestration, "*Raimonda*" by Glazounov, and "*Swan Lake*" by Tchaikovsky.

The cast of the dancers of the ballet will be made up of the best artists of the Moscow and the Leningrad grand ballets, while new scenery and new costumes will be made, different from any known units in either institution. Reinhold Gliere, who is the leading spirit of the undertaking, writes on the subject:

"The scenery will be in all events a combination of the designs, scenes and costumes of Moscow and Leningrad, especially so in my '*Krasny Mak*—Red Poppy' and in Puni's '*Esmeralda*.' Some features of the proposed ballets for foreign performances are better in Leningrad, others in Moscow. As it is known, there prevails an artistic rivalry between the two historic institutions—Leningrad claiming supremacy because of its past musical and metropolitan traditions, Moscow boasting its artistic and dramatic leadership, particularly now, when the city is the capital of the country.

"A strange phenomenon of our new musical and dramatic stage is that our leading cities—Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Kazan, Odessa, Tomsk, etc.—have developed an individual community pride and ambition, so that the

same composition or play is performed in a totally different way in Kiev or Leningrad than it is in Moscow. . . . In our projected foreign tour we intend to fuse that domestic rivalry into one general nationalistic trait."

The strange fact is that Gliere had to re-orchestra practically all his ballet for Leningrad, and the Leningrad scenic artists would not take any of the Moscow scenery for their production, which they declared was old-fashioned, stereotyped, and no longer applicable to the Chinese life and color today.

"We want to see the 'Red Poppy' in the spirit of contemporary China," wrote one Leningrad musical critic in "*Jizn Iskusstva*"—the leading Soviet musical monthly. "Moscow staged Gliere's contemporary ballet in the age-worn style of the eighteenth century, the time of Catherine and Marie Antoinette, whereas we wish to see it staged in the spirit of 1927, which it depicts."

While all other Russian stage institutions have made foreign tours, from the Moscow Art Theatre to the Dancers of Isadora Duncan, the Grand Ballet Russe has never

even left its home town for a performance in the provinces, regardless of the financial and moral advantages that such a venture presented, so that the decided foreign undertaking this season will mark an exception in its 150-year history. The greatest difficulty in such an undertaking has been the transportation of scenery and the huge cast, which the modern technical inventions have greatly simplified and facilitated.

The foreigners who have seen the Diaghileff and Pavlova ballets abroad have no idea of the grandeur and complexity of the actual Grand Ballet Russe, as it exists in Leningrad and Moscow. One of the sweeping sights of those unique institutions in the magnificent ensemble, the *corps-de-ballet*, which until a few years ago was made up of the prettiest ballerinas of Russia, but now has been enriched by a masculine *corps-de-ballet*.

From a romantic character the new ballet has advanced to a heroic feature, in view of the fact that the proletarian

(Continued on page 59)



A SCENE FROM "KRASNY MAK," (THE RED POPPY), AS STAGED BY THE GRAND BALLET RusSE

EAVESDROPPINGS

SOME OF THE FORTNIGHT'S INTERESTING
REMARKS OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES



CHANCES for getting a special rule during the present session to bring up the House bill killing the present two-cent royalty payment by the mechanical reproducers under the copyright law and leaving it open to bargaining now look pretty slim.

Blocked on the floor at every turn by Jeff Busby (D.) Miss., Chairman Vestal of the patents committee, which has been considering copyright for almost five years, went to the rules committee in the hope of getting the measure up in spite of Busby, "the exhibitors' champion," as many have classified him.—*Variety*.

THAT was a fine compliment the New York concert manager gave La Porte, Ind. "The Centre of Musical America" is the title he awards that town because nine per cent of its population attend concerts regularly.

Statistics may be a poor way to measure art or count culture, but La Porte must be a better place in which to live than the thousands of American towns and cities whose highest ambition is to have the tallest building, or the busiest crossroads, or the biggest something else in the world.

We can't afford to dispense with legs because we have automobiles, nor with play because we have professional sports. Why should home and community music die out just because we have professional concerts and radios?—*New York Telegram*.

IS IT not foolish to pretend that there is any such thing as an impersonal judgment in aesthetic matters? All aesthetic judgments, declared Mr. Runciman a good many years ago, are "the result of art playing upon a certain personality; we must know something of the critic's intellectual and imaginative personality to know the value of the art. . . . In the production of all good art criticism, the personality of the critic is the most important factor."

The belief that you can get at the artist except through the critic, with his virtues or his limitations thick upon him, is, unfortunately, a delusion. For if the critic is not Aldrich or Hale or Runciman or Newman or Huneker or Krehbiel, he is quite likely to be—yourself.

Lawrence Gilman in *The New York Herald-Tribune*.

IT IS all nonsense saying that music has to be expressive, not beautiful. It has to be expressive and beautiful.

—*London Observer*.

WHERE are we now? We revile singers for the lack of training which prevents their holding a note, and lack of musicianship which prevents their hitting it true. These things might certainly be corrected; yet greater blame rests with the composers. Their pieces of music "for voice and piano" will soon be "for piano with voice obbligato." One grain of comfort I see. The voice stands out better, to my ear, over what is called the "New" harmony than over the classical, because the two coincide only by some



BENITO MUSSOLINI CAN MAKE MUSIC,
AS WELL AS FORMULATE RULES FOR
ITS PROPAGATION

rather remote implication; and composers have utilized this state of things to pay attention to verbal accent and articulation. What they might further do would be to give the voice something worth singing. But to do that they would have to become themselves singers.—A. H. Fox-Strangways in *The London Observer*.

WE still tend to specialize mistakenly in the making or attempted making of virtuosos. We prevailingly teach the piano, fiddle or voice. We do comparatively little to make real musicians of our young aspirants, to make them students of music as well as of an instrument or the voice, to broaden their horizon and fan their enthusiasm for what is great and beautiful in their art, or make cultural studies more than a superficial side issue while innumerable hours are spent thumping a keyboard or singing scales. We do little toward instilling musical ideals, while we do everything possible to get a musical executant some kind of a job, some kind of a start in an overstocked market, under circumstances and with a mental background which incite him to the making of money a great deal more than it incites him to selfless devotion to an arduous and lifelong task.—Olin Downes in *The New York Times*.

COMMENTING on Ernest Bloch's "America," which received its Portland (Oreg.) premiere at the hands of the Portland Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Willem van Hoogstraten, Leah Leaska writes in *The Scribe*:

If there be such a thing as combining realism with idealism Mr. Bloch surely achieved the master key to the combination, for he coupled all the resources contained in modern symphonic orchestration into a pageant of glorified sound, color and sequence. This is real music, given us by a master realist, a Titan, so to say, who has woven into "America" that which is vital and necessary for us to have, and which we can neither add to nor subtract from. Bloch is so absolutely genuine in what he has to say that he will probably make very little appeal to the hot-house dabbler in the arts or the socially veneered amateur dilettante, and he can well afford to do without them. This kind always insists upon the smug coating of mental shellac to defend themselves from too close a contact with life and some of its unpleasant realities. When Ernest Bloch writes music, it is for one who thinks and thinks hard. . . .

It was not at all surprising that all of the above registered with the huge audience. If one is to judge from the various spectators who thronged the Auditorium the composition made a wide appeal to both the classes and the masses. Its climax was greeted with wild applause for conductor, orchestra and chorus. Music lovers of the city will acknowledge a real treat in having heard this great and inspiring work, and let us hope that it will be included in another symphony program of the near future.

IT WILL come as a surprise to many people to read that Mathilde von Wesendonck whose name is for all time associated with "Tristan," is still alive and has now reached her one-hundredth birthday. It was with her husband, Otto von Wesendonck, that Wagner found refuge after his participation in the revolution of 1848.—*N. Y. Times*.

RICH LITTLE POOR GIRL

"The Richest Child Is Poor Without Musical Training."—Winning slogan in the national contest of the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce.

IZZATSO DEPARTMENT

After the departure of the latter (*Pierre Monteux*) for America, and until Mr. Mengelberg's return (to the Amsterdam Concertgebouw), the orchestra will be conducted by Fritz Busch and Otto Klemperer.—*Jean Chantavoine in the Paris Menestrel*.

BOSTON BATTLES — OLD AND NEW

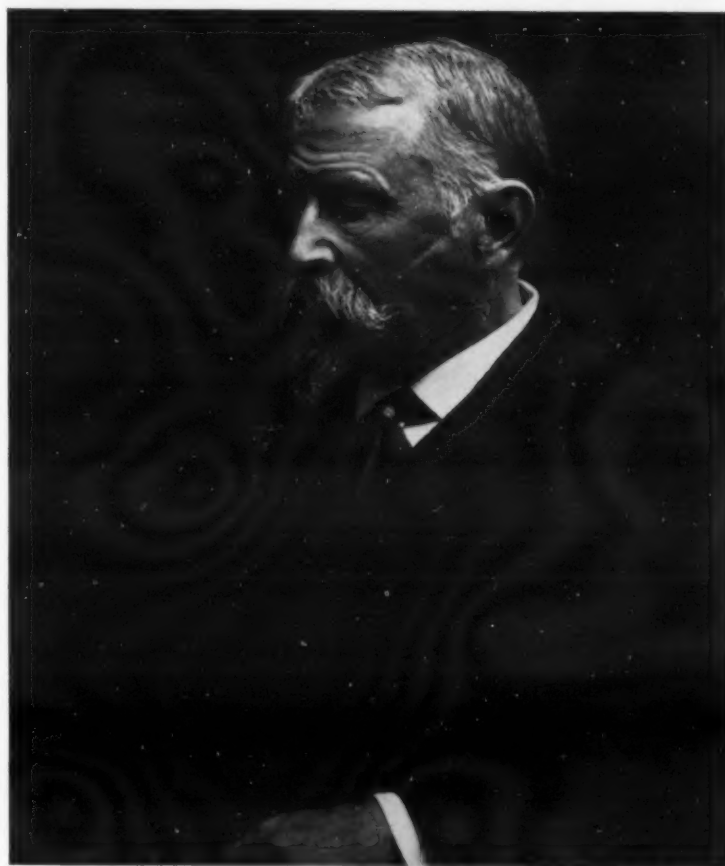
THE HUB, FROM GERICKE TO KOUSSEVITZKY

By H. T. Parker

IN THE fullness of years Wilhelm Gericke, now companioning Richter and Jahn and Bruckner and Mahler in the Viennese corner of the Elysian Fields, took leave of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its home-keeping public. Through two terms he had been conductor. In the first, he re-constituted and re-schooled it, laying the foundations of the merit it gained under Dr. Muck and has now reaffirmed under Mr. Koussevitzky. In the second, he reaffirmed those standards of performance; widened and liberalized the repertory. In both he had kept the faith and spared not himself. As his departure drew near, the powers that were bestowed upon him a "testimonial concert" (Boston was a simpler-minded town, twenty odd years ago, than it is now). If recollection serves, there were gifts. Certainly there was a speech. An eminent citizen and "music-lover" made it. He returned thanks to the retiring conductor, forasmuch as he had soothed on countless Saturday evenings the tired folk of Boston with music of the masters. Gericke hardly took that view of his work or his obligation. Possibly, as he listened, his mind retraversed the tense, toilsome, ambitious years that he was then ending. He had, however, an admirable control of his temper and made polite, if perfunctory, reply. Privately, he expressed himself more freely and into local anecdote passed the incident.

Gericke went his way to honorable leisure in Vienna and Venice. To him, again through two terms, broken by the interregnum of Fiedler, succeeded Dr. Muck. Until the German War brushed aside other contentious matters there was persistent objection to the choice and arrangement of his programs. Now it was overt—say in letters to the editor of the complainant's favorite newspaper. Again it ran in undercurrent toward the Hig-

ginsonian circle of influence and authority. There were those who addressed ill-tempered and ill-mannered protests to the conductor himself; those also who eased their irritation in the corridors of Symphony Hall. Old controversies are old controversies, and it is needless to recall, either objections or rejoinders. Before Dr. Muck departed one tradition had been re-affirmed—that the conductor of the Boston Orchestra should have a free hand in his program-making. Another had been established—that those programs should range widely, even among music of the immediate day.



THE LATE MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAMPIONS AND SUPPORTERS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY FOR MANY YEARS

The Board of Trustees that succeeded to the administration of the orchestra accepted without question the Higginsonian canon of the independence of the conductor as program-maker; to this day firmly maintains it. To Monteux, through five seasons fell the continuance of catholicity and regard for the present. His sympathies inclined to the music of living, even innovating composers; but fears and scruples haunted him. When the distressed shrieked their antipathy to Honegger's "Horace Victorieux" he took second thought—through three years debated with himself whether to produce Stravinsky's "Sacre." At last he did and it proved the chief glory of his American career. A stouter-minded Monteux, let us say,

than he who ruled in Philadelphia a year ago.

After Monteux, Koussevitzky—and the deluge, chaos, or as some choose to put it, the cosmopolitan and the modernist devils to pay. He assembled whole programs out of the music of living composers. First times in Boston or in America, first performances anywhere, dripped from his fingers. He beckoned in modernists; encouraged youth; here, there and everywhere forsook the beaten

(Continued on page 61)

ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS

By Lawrence Gilman

THE WEEKLY SERIES OF PROGRAM NOTES BY THE MUSIC
CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE AND PROGRAM
ANNOTATOR OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY
AND PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY NO. 6, IN F MAJOR ("PASTORAL"), OP. 68

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

(Copyright, 1929, by Lawrence Gilman)

BEETHOVEN composed the *Pastoral Symphony* in the summer of 1808, in what were then the wooded environs of Vienna. The first performance was at a concert given by Beethoven at the Theatre-an-der-Wien, Vienna, Dec. 22, 1808. The Symphony headed an all-Beethoven program. The announcement of this remarkable concert was as follows (from the *Wiener Zeitung* of Dec. 17):

On Thursday, December 22, Ludwig van Beethoven will have the honor to give a musical *Akademie* in the R. I. Priv. Theatre-an-der-Wien. All the pieces are of his composition, entirely new, and not yet heard in public. . . .

First Part—1. A Symphony entitled: "A recollection of Country Life," in F major (No. 5. (sic).¹ 2. Aria *Ah, perfido*. 3. Three hymns with Latin text, composed in the Church style with chorus and solos. 4. Pianoforte Concerto played by himself No. 4, in G major).

Second Part—1. Grand Symphony in C minor (No. 6 [sic]. 2. *Sanctus*, with Latin text composed in the Church style with chorus and solos [from the Mass in C major]. 3. Fantasia for Pianoforte alone. 4. Fantasia for the Pianoforte which ends with the gradual entrance of the entire orchestra and the introduction of choruses as a finale.

Boxes and reserved seats are to be had in the Krugerstrasse No. 1074, first story. Beginning at half past six o'clock.

On the program of that first performance, the *Pastoral* was thus described by Beethoven (it will be observed that the titles differ somewhat from those afterward decided upon and published in the score.)

Pastoral Symphonie. Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerey [More expression of feeling than painting.]

1stes Stück. Angenehme Empfindungen, welche bei der Ankunft auf dem Lande in Menschen erwachen [1st Piece. Pleasant feelings awakened in man on arriving in the country].

2tes Stück. Szene am Bach [2nd Piece. Scene by the Brook].

3tes Stück. Lustiges Beysammenseyn der Landleute;

faellt ein—

4tes Stück, Donner und Sturm: in welches einfällt—
5tes Stück, wolthätige mit Dank an die Gottheit Verbundene Gefühle nach dem Sturm.

[3rd Piece—Jovial assemblage of country folk; interrupted by 4th Piece—Thunder and Storm; to which succeeds 5th Piece—Beneficent feelings, associated with gratitude to the Godhead after the Storm].

The form into which these headings ultimately crystallized is that given in translation on the title-page of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's program-notes.²

For Beethoven, the "Return to Nature" was no deliberately romantic sophistication. To his devout and passionate spirit it was a resort as spontaneous and naive and profound as the inclination of the mediaeval mystic's soul toward God. He sincerely and piously believed that wisdom broods upon the hills and in the long forest aisles; that sustenance for the heart could be garnered from sunlight and free winds, and spiritual peace drunk from quiet valleys as from a divinely proffered cup. He would have understood that ecstatically confident cry of a Celtic dreamer of today: "Death will never find us in the heart of

the wood!" To his mind, as to Lafcadio Hearn's, had come the thought that illumination of a transcendent kind was yielded "by the mere common green of the world." For Beethoven, there were confirmations and reinforcements in that murmuring and timeless mystery that engrossed the meditations of Hearn: "the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green—the mystery of that which multiplies, forever issuing out of that which multiplies not. Or is the seeming lifeless itself life—only a life more silent still, more hidden?"

* * *

Beethoven copied from his beloved and much-thumbed volume of Sturm's *Lehr und Erbauungs Buch* this passage: "One might rightly denominate Nature the school of the heart; she clearly shows us our duties towards God and our neighbor. Hence, I wish to become a disciple of this school and to offer Him my heart. Desirous of in-

(Continued on page 54)

LITTLE SONGS FOR YOUTH

I

My body is a little box
Wherein my soul is shut.
The magic word that turns the locks
Is not an "if" or "but."
The shining word that swings the locks
And frees the soul to sing
From out its stuffy little box
Is "Everything!"

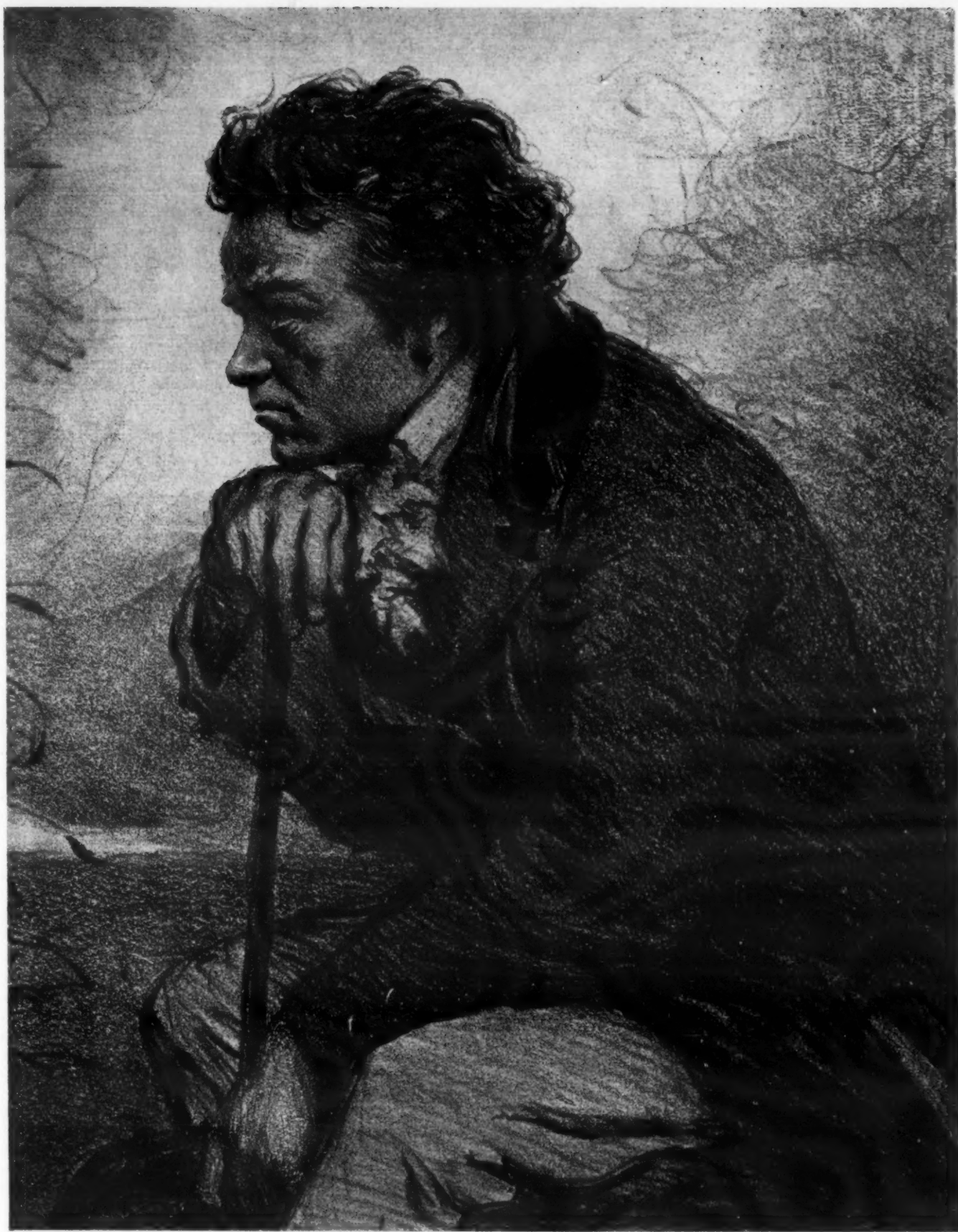
II

There are so many lovely ways
The spirit may be fed—
Must I go hungry all my days—
For bread?

III

The fire must have its fuel
Or cease to flare and blow—
The dreams of youth are cruel
As only youth should know.
The old are tender minded
And wise for those who fail,
But what if youth be blinded
Before it takes the trail?

—Ethel Kelley.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

From a Hitherto Unpublished Lithograph by S. J. Woolf

HONOR WAITS ON DUKAS

WITH HIS APPOINTMENT AS HEAD OF THE PARIS CONSERVATORY

By David Ewen

PAUL DUKAS has recently been appointed head of the Paris Conservatory. This is honor enough, but with it is coupled a greater distinction. This post, the highest any French composer can attain, is constantly sought for by French musicians. It is the coveted goal. And so, when Charles-Marie Widor resigned from the direction of the Paris Conservatory of Music every musical eye looked longingly toward the office. Every musical eye, that is, except that of Paul Dukas—an unassuming, sincere, modest gentleman whose only request from his friends is that they leave him alone and unmolested to do his composing.

But his friends thought otherwise. Paul Dukas, they felt, rightly deserved this honor, both for his musical sincerity and for his genuine ability as a composer. The post was offered to him, but Dukas, preferring the solitude of his home, declined it. Then the offer was extended in turn to other composers, but each one declined because he felt unworthy and because he believed Dukas and only Paul Dukas should be Widor's successor. In desperation, the officials appealed urgently to Dukas, and he finally accepted. Despite his modesty and reticence, the highest musical executive position has been bestowed on him, and to it is added the glory of having every French composer acknowledge him as peer. This is considered the greatest tribute a composer has received in France.

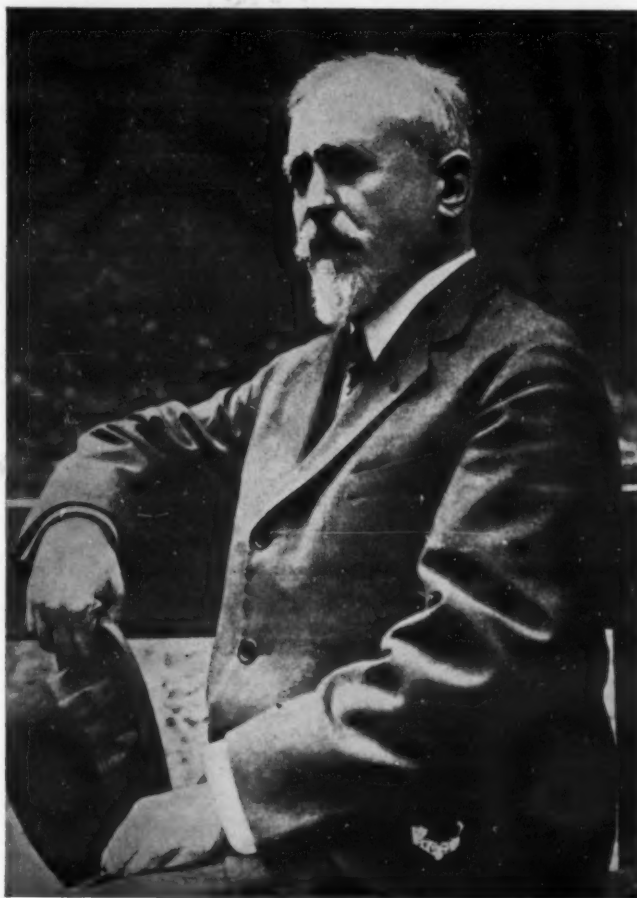
Paris is the birthplace of Dukas and there he has remained. He is Parisian in heart and soul. Born on October 11, 1865, he revealed from childhood an unmistakable genius for music. He accompanied all his childish games with song; he would tinkle the romantic keys of his piano from morning until night. But he had to wait a long time for his first expert instruction. In the meanwhile he studied by himself; studied solfeggio—and its dull sterility and aridity did not weary him. He loved music blindly . . . even the dull, inevitable sequence of vocal scales. And he composed . . . little bits of music for the piano. And already—despite his innocence of all musical learning, of all rules and technic—he infused into the puny mould of his compositions breaths of loveliness. Those early works are fresh and fragrant.

In 1888, Dukas entered the Paris Conservatory of Music. There he drank in musical learning. His soul was starved for music and it gorged. But so ravenous was Dukas' musical appetite that not even there could it be satiated. He studied incessantly, practised without termination. As a result, he became one of the finest pupils of the Conservatory. Praise fell upon his bewildered head indiscriminately; but instead of spoiling the ambitious student, it goaded him on to do better and better work. In his first year he won the Prix-de-Rome, for a cantata, "Velleda." It was the inevitable result of his having previously written two distinguished overtures, "King Lear" and "Goetz von Berlichingen." Dukas was slowly reaching musical maturity.

Military service, the following year, robbed Dukas of his studies. He left them regretfully to devote himself to the banal life of soldiering. Little did he realize that the period spent with rifle and military tactics was to be one of his most valuable years. Deprived of his lessons, textbooks and exercises, Dukas fled to classical scores for consolation. He drank in of the grandiose beauty of Beethoven, Bach, Wagner. He studied their scores, page by page, note by note. He applied what he learned to his own exercises. Beethoven was revealed to him in all his

dazzling greatness; the sublime, metaphysical Beethoven of the quartets and the inspired prophet of the Ninth Symphony. Dukas also became saturated with the religious ecstasy of Bach and with the sumptuous emotions of Wagner. In that year Dukas a new goal for himself. When he left military service, Dukas devoted himself more seriously than ever to composing. "Polyeucte," a brilliantly scored overture, was performed by the Lamoureux Orchestra. This was Dukas' first composition to reach the public ear. And the public was impressed. The work possessed a richness of melodic invention, an individuality, and a penetrating beauty that made the critics open their eyes with astonishment and their ears with pleasure. In 1897, Dukas' greatest work—certainly one of his most beloved—was performed by the Societe Nationale under his own baton, and with it Dukas fully

(Continued on page 62)



PAUL DUKAS, WHO RECEIVED THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION FRANCE HAS TO OFFER AT THE CONSERVATORY.

MR. SCOTTI'S PRIVATE LIFE

OR THE SECRET OF THE B FLAT AND THE BENT NECK

By Homer Henley

"MY private life? I have no private life," declared Antonio Scotti—Toto, to his intimates—slap-slapping—in heelless blue satin slippers about his sunny apartment. "Have I a wife? And how many darling little children? And what do they eat and do tell us what they wear! Bah! These newspaper reporters!"

"But I am not a newspaper reporter," I explained, shivering at the thought. And his eyes lightened and his diaphragm did its famous expansion act as I added that I was versed in the mysteries of the singing voice and had come to talk only that with him.

"Sing? I always sang. All good singers do. Why, I used to sing the response of the mass after the priest. 'Dominus vobiscum. La, la, la la.' Like that. And then I would sing in the streets of my native Naples, and for the friends of the family. And then on a day my parents took me to sing for a Mme. Paganinni. Yes, a relative of the great violinist. She said, 'I must take you to

a very great *artiste* who, it is true, no longer sings, but who is still the grand *critique*. She will know.' So we went to sing for Mme. Stefanoni, grand, superb *artiste* of another day. 'Yes,' said she. 'He has the gift.' Enough! So begins my career. Thirty-two months I studied with Mme. Paganinni. Scales, *solfege*, *vocalizes*, millions of them. She told me I was making magnificent progress and I suppose I was, but I did not know it then. All I knew was that every night I must go to her and sing the million tra-la-las. Thirty-two months! Do you know why I am not still there singing those million tra-la-las every night? I will tell you. Because her pretty accompanist who played for my lessons fell in love with me. Me, I was innocent; but that did not matter, and what happened but that I was—what is that word?—ah, yes! I was bounced. But that was the turning and deciding



ANTONIO SCOTTI AS HE SOMETIMES APPEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE—AS VERDI'S FALSTAFF.

point of my career, for immediately I went to Milan and was taken to a really great *maestro* of the voice—Lombardi. Immensely knowing, tremendously keen he was; a genius born to the purple. I will give you an example of his surety of diagnosis."

Scotti jumped to his feet, lit another of the seven-inch cigarettes he had been incessantly smoking, and waving his arms excitedly, told how Caruso had gone to Lombardi with a voice whose upper notes had been almost ceaselessly "cracking" every time he had sung them for some years past. Lombardi, regarding him like a physician, saw that he threw back his head on the upper notes. "Go and bend over with your head in the corner of the room," he ordered. "Now sing this B flat." And the mercurial Scotti, to illustrate, paddled rapidly over to the corner of the room, his blue slippers still flapping, and bent over like a child who is to be spanked. "Ah, hah, hah—HAH!" he *arpeggiated* in a stentorian voice. "Ah, hah, hah—HAH!"

"And immediately there was no more 'cracking' in the voice of Caruso, for the strain was gone away from the neck; and ever afterward Caruso bent his head forward when he had high notes to sing. Do you remember it? Always. I do the same. It is safety."

"Yes, yes! Great singers are born. I believe it; but they must have the great teachers to show them the way. Why, when Titta Ruffo first sang in Covent Garden his tones were so pinched the management would not let him finish his contract. Must he stop singing because of that? No. But he must find the right teacher to set the voice free."

Scotti believes that the voice is freed by correct breathing and proper and elegant diction. He sprang to his feet again and actually spanned his wasp waist with his hands.

(Continued on page 64)



De Mirjian Studios

NANETTE GUILFORD

A steadily rising argument in favor of the American operatic singer. Her activities with the Metropolitan this season include the roles of Nedda, Musetta, and Magda in "La Campana Sommersa." Miss Guilford is seen above as Aelfrida in "The King's Henchman."

PIZZETTI'S "FRA GHERARDO"

AND EDWARD JOHNSON'S ANALYSIS OF A NEW SYMPHONIC DRAMA

By Dorothy Crowthers

NEW YORK'S critical spotlight is soon to be turned afresh on the work of Ildebrando Pizzetti, whose new opera, "Fra Gherardo," will be produced by Giulio Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 21. "Fra Gherardo" had its world premiere at La Scala in Milan on May 16 last, under the directorship of Arturo Toscanini, and reports were to the effect that a brilliant audience and eminent critics discovered in the score "a magnificent homogeneity which might readily be called a symphonic counterpart of the drama." As in the case of his "Debora e Jaele," Pizzetti also wrote the libretto, which was found to be poetic and to have many dramatic moments.

Although a prolific composer in many forms—orchestral and choral works, operas, church music, piano pieces, songs—Pizzetti is not widely known in this country. Two of his orchestral compositions have been performed under Toscanini's leadership; his Suite from "La Pisanella" last season and the "Concerto dell'Estate" at recent concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

Edward Johnson, who will assume the title role in the Metropolitan's production of "Fra Gherardo," was the first to introduce Pizzetti's music to the American public. When Mr. Johnson returned to the United States in 1920 after eight years of operatic successes abroad, which included creating the principal tenor role in the world premiere of Pizzetti's "Fedra" at La Scala, he placed a number of the composer's songs on his concert programs and has continued to use them for subsequent seasons.

"Several of them—'Il Pastore,' 'Passigiata,' 'Assunta' and 'Angelica' with poems by d'Annunzio, Papini and Salvatore di Giacomo respectively—are in the nature of little lyric dramas," said Mr. Johnson when questioned about Pizzetti. "Just as Rafael and Michelangelo made preliminary drawings for their paintings, and Wagner wrote 'Traume' as a study for 'Tristan,' so Pizzetti composed these in preparation for his opera, 'Fedra.'"

"I first heard of Pizzetti when I was a student in Florence before the war. There were futurists in each branch of art and they published their own newspaper expounding their theories. Marinetti was the leader of the literary circle. In music there was a group, like the Paris Six, consisting of Casella, Castlenuovo, Pizzetti, Vittorio Gui, Malipiero and Respighi who was then head of the Conservatory in Rome. In the operatic field, following Puccini, Mascagni and Giordano, had come Alfano, Zandonai and Montemezzi. It was not until 'Fedra' was to be mounted at La Scala in 1915 that I met Pizzetti. He did not conduct the rehearsals of his opera, but he did work with the principals of the cast. He was eager to project his ideas through us as interpreters, and I was

eager to carry out his intentions to the best of my ability.

"'Fedra' met with success, but aroused bitter feeling among Pizzetti's contemporaries. When he was a critic on an important newspaper, Pizzetti had not hesitated to be severe, and he thereby gained many enemies. When his opera proved to be in the Debussy manner, a new form of lyric utterance for an Italian to favor, an insidious campaign amounting almost to slander was conducted against him. It was nevertheless a highly interesting effort from a fresh angle.

"We talked one evening after the premiere, in his modest rented apartment in a quiet, outlying street of Milan. No word of complaint escaped him nor did he show any trace of discouragement over the difficulties he had encountered in his life, while others with aims less lofty had won acclaim. In the half obscurity of the twilight, his eyes sparkled when he spoke of his art.

"Pizzetti is a small man, with very dark hair which at that time was cut in a style that made it seem to stand straight up. This, together with deep-set eyes and large glasses, gave him a surprised, almost frightened look. He talked hesitatingly, with an odd manner of speech—through his teeth, as it were. He always appeared timid and retiring, not because of an inferiority complex, however. He is forceful, with the strength of his convictions. Rather is he extremely sensitive and profoundly serious. He has

read widely, plays the piano well, and has been director of the conservatories of both Milan and Florence. Above all, he is possessed of an intensely poetic nature."

Mr. Johnson, who maintained a home in Florence during his sojourn in Italy, became well acquainted with Pizzetti in the three years the latter lived in the same city. This period, following the production of "Fedra," was consumed with the composition of his next opera, "Debora e Jaele," which achieved a notable success at its premiere at La Scala in 1923. This event seemed to draw the composer more out of himself.

"When work was begun on this opera," continued Mr. Johnson, "Pizzetti had abandoned the idea of using any dramatic esthetics but his own. In 'Fedra' he had collaborated with d'Annunzio, and the Italian people had hoped the two would be a combination such as Maeterlinck and Debussy. But deciding that a complete union of drama and music could only be attained by making both the creation of one mind, Pizzetti set to work with determination in 1915 on this task, which was new to him. The result was the poem, 'Debora e Jaele,' followed swiftly by the music for the opera, the whole being finished in the spring of 1921. So harmonious and dramatic was the

(Continued on page 56)





OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN
GLANCES OVER THE
SCORES OF A FEW
PROSPECTIVE NOVEL-
TIES FOR HIS SEASON
AT THE MANHATTAN
OPERA HOUSE—A. D.
1906.



LEO SLEZAK AND AR-
TURO TOSCANINI, AR-
RIVING IN THE LAND
OF THE FREE IN THE
DEAR, DEAD DAYS
WHEN BOTH WERE
AT THE METROPOLI-
TAN.



JOHANNA GADSKI GOES OVER THE FIRST ACT DUTIES OF
A PRE-WAR ISOLDE, WITH HER DAUGHTER AS
ACCOMPANIST

THE FAMILY ALBUM

Photos by Brown Brothers



THE TOSCANINI MIRACLE

AND WHAT IS EXCLUDED FROM THE RANGE OF HIS MAGIC CIRCLE

By Irving Weil

WHAT, one thought to oneself, as the stick in the little man's hand ceased describing its rhythmic passes only to glide into a mighty, full-circle whirl—what is this miracle of Toscanini? And what, perhaps, is it not? Here he was after having been closeted with the men of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra for nothing more than three or four days and, although one knew better, he was nonetheless certainly directing a different band. Here also was this Philharmonic audience, as familiar as Carnegie Hall itself and the same that had often made one question whether a more lymphatic lot of concertgoers existed, suddenly changed in aspect, its placidity become something quite close to the frenetic, and its emotions coursing over its features as ingenuously as though it had been a crowd of primitives at a prize-fight.

These things were the externals of the Toscanini miracle and whilst astonishing enough, were readily explainable by simply looking at the man, who epitomizes the full force of the thing known as personality. There was of course something else. It was the evocation from the orchestra of music that this conductor had absorbed and now gave new life to, as though it had been his own. At one time it was music bearing the deceptively simple beauty of a flower, but touched so perfectly into renewed efflorescence by the sensibility of genius that it affected one as deeply as though it had been a first experience of pure beauty. Again it was music that galloped with high dramatic pulse—and Mr. Toscanini seemed to make it gallop higher and snort with even more fiery breath than the man who wrote it could himself have thought possible. Excitement, as a vicarious pastime, could indeed scarcely be pushed much farther without having one's heart, not in one's mouth, but popping quite out of it.

There were other evocations, both upon this memorable return of Mr. Toscanini to Carnegie Hall—every return of his is memorable—and upon his subsequent appearances at the head of the Philharmonic last week. On the twenty-fifth of this month he will be sixty-two years old, but the passion in his conducting remains unimpaired. He is the same indomitable Toscanini he was twenty years ago and the magic circle drawn around his per-

sonality as a musician still includes, quite as it excludes, the same things it did then. In a phrase, it embraces the classic as well as the dramatic in musical art and, amazingly enough, as much the serene beauty of the one as the turbulent artifice of the other. What it excludes is not so readily classifiable but, in another phrase, one may say that the magic circle fails to illuminate such music as, in this fashion or that, holds a strong intellectual background

or impulse within its more directly emotional significance. This latter sort of music is chiefly represented, it is true, by great gaps in the Toscanini repertoire but he plays some of it now and then, only to become quite suddenly merely an ordinary and doggedly mistaken mortal when he does.

It was thus consistently characteristic that Mr. Toscanini, in the past two weeks, should have been the miracle-worker with the earlier Mozart and the earlier Beethoven and particularly with a bit of Gluck; in much the same way, with a brand new piece of quasi-classicism, a "Summer" concerto by his fellow Italian, Ildebrando Pizzetti, whilst in a supremely different way with some highly peppered dramatics by another Italian, Ottorino Respighi; and that the magic wand should have become nothing more than a rod

having lost its divining powers when Mr. Toscanini waved it over the extra-musical implications of Debussy and even of Paul Dukas.

The reason for this, it seems to us, is that Mr. Toscanini understands music so unerringly, so completely as music that it never occurs to him to play it as anything else—except as drama (for, after all, lyric drama was and probably still is his first love). Classicism necessarily empties itself from the dramatic pulse of his genius. But music that is neither purely classic nor dramatic in quality or intent (whatever its period); music that has a philosophic or literary basis or whose comprehension depends on a close consideration of the aesthetic principle that underlay its creation—before this kind of music the Toscaninic clairvoyance seems to go dead.

Why this should be we do not know. We do know, though, that if it were otherwise the Toscanini miracle would be too unexampled in its kind, that he would be

(Continued on page 52)



THE POSTER AVTORE DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TOSCANINI'S DEBUT AT LA SCALA



COLOR HARMONY, CENTRALIZING WHITE LIGHT, AS EXPRESSED BY A GROUP SURROUNDING CHARLES WEIDMAN IN A PROGRAM GIVEN BY DORIS HUMPHREY AND HER CONCERT GROUP.



Photo by Florence Vandamm

DORIS HUMPHREY IN HER INTERPRETATION OF "SARABANDE"

DANCING AMERICANS

A NEW DAY DAWNS ON RACIAL CHOREOGRAPHIC EXPRESSION

By Ivan Narodny

STILL we ask, what of the American dance? Prominent dancers and ballet masters discuss the realization of a New World Ballet and an American National Institute of Dance on the order of the Russians, the Scandinavians and the French. Our choreographic leaders—Albertina Rasch, Irene and Alice Lewisohn, the Denishawn Dancers, Bolm, Fokine and Gavrilov—advance all kinds of arguments on the subject. However, is there such a thing as an idiomatic American dance—outside of jazz? Do we have racial dancers whom we could place on a pedestal distinguished as that to which the Russians have elevated their Pavlova, Geltzer, Spesivtzeva; the Germans their Wiesenthal, Kreutzberg and Georgi; the Spaniards their Argentina and so on beyond mention? With our Isadora Duncan gone we have a number of young aspirants, but they do not hold a place in our milieu equal to the place held by these foreign stars in theirs.

Cruising about to the increasing dance recitals one finds a hope for the future. Sunday, February 17, might be called an American Day of Dance. Three original recitals by our own dancers took place in New York: the New World Dancers at the Cameo Theatre; Marga Waldron at the Lucille La Verne Theatre; and Agnes de Mille with Charles Weidman at the Martin Beck Theatre—all characteristic pretenders to our racial terpsichorean throne.

The New World Dancers and Marga Waldron were ambitious in their versatile programs, but the laurels of the occasion were carried away by Agnes de Mille and Charles Weidman—both the most accomplished American dancers so far seen this season. Technically and artistically they outdo all rivals, and their idiom is the idiom of our "Dixie" or "My Old Kentucky Home." Throughout the fourteen numbers of their program ran that distinct American note which is evident in our syncopated rhythm of life and action.

Whether one likes or dislikes the characteristics of "Yankee Doodle" is a question of individual taste, but the fact remains that it has our racial twang in the same way that the rhythm of Mlle. de Mille's dances had distinctly a flavor of our own soil. Although Mr. Weidman seemed more the cosmopolitan plastician of an ultra-modern type, Mlle. de Mille throughout her seven solo numbers, that

ranged from cowboy calisthenics to a delightful *petit ballet* on the theme of Civil War reminiscences, remained a typical troubadour-dancer of our racial rhythmic soul. Her steps, gestures, mimicry, and above all, her tempo, were reflexes of an unmistakably national feature of the New World.

If we admit that Herr Kreutzberg and Fraulein Georgi represent the new rhythm of contemporary *Kunsttaenzers* from the young republic on the Rhine, then Agnes de Mille and Charles Weidman stand out as their worthy choreographic rivals of our New Babylon. Her best examples in that respect were "'49," the Harvest Reel and "Tryout," all of which gave her ample opportunities to display her talent and technical skill, her mimicry and dramatic versatility.

The chief characteristics of this American idiom were the condensed expressions and images in their rhythmic kinetics,

which, like our architecture, are the results of our impressionistic imagination. Instead of having a floating, graceful and, so to speak, a horizontal tendency like the choreographic images of the Old World, the American feature is dynamic, syncopated and episodic.

In the number called "'49," Mlle. de Mille dramatized tunes by Guion, which she visualized as vivid pantomimic sketches from the American West of 1849. "Tryout," to the music of Ray Henderson, was an amusing glimpse of a Broadway ballerina in a vaudeville manager's studio. Yet the best piece of the evening was undoubtedly "Civil War" danced to a pot-pourri of patriotic songs arranged by

(Continued on page 66)



AGNES GEORGE DE MILLE, WHOSE DANCING HAS A NATIONAL AND IDIOMATIC RHYTHM.



SMOKE BOMBS AND PUGILISM

OR, PREDATORY TACTICS OF THE MALE IN MUSIC

By Leigh Henry

ELISABETH SCHUMANN'S refusal to sing in a smoke-filled concert hall, and the pessimistic view of British choralism taken by Charles Kennedy Scott, founder and conductor of the Philharmonic Choir, are topics to engage talkative folk in London.

It was at a northern concert that Miss Schumann, coming out on the platform to find the hall full of smoke, requested that the windows be opened, in order to clear the atmosphere. When this request was denied, she refused to sing and left the hall, declining her fee. The flame into which the smoke burst has long been smouldering among aesthetic Britishers. To expect a singer to do justice to his or her voice in a smoky hall is as bad as expecting a ballet dancer to achieve her best among puddles, or a wind player to keep his breath in a stokehole. But it seems a new smoking concert public with post-war manners is growing up in England.

AT the Philharmonic Choir's fourth annual dinner in the Hotel Russell, Charles Kennedy Scott indulged in some verbal pugilism against musical professionalism and went on to pronounce—somewhat ahead, like Captain Hook in Barrie's "Peter Pan"—the funeral oration of British choral music, so far as choral organizations were concerned.

"Professionalism in music," said Scott, was "the ruination of the higher side of music" and "the curse of the whole situation." "With professionalism," he contended, "You get exploitation of fine music for purely personal interests. That is not the right spirit in which music should be done. There is something nauseating about the whole of this professional business." Contrasting the professionalism of large centers, Scott gave high praise to small country localities, where he opined that splendid work was being done without advertisement.

He deplored the falling off of male choral singers. "I think one man in a choir is worth two women," he said, amid a medley of male cheers and female dissent. "Unless the boys come forward, all music in England will eventually be run by women."

Scott also felt alarm in noting that audiences were falling off. He knew of choirs which had been obliged to disband owing to lack of public support.

Speaking further to this point, Geoffrey Shaw, inspector of music, said he had tried to counter male shortage in choirs by insisting that every two women members in-

troduce one man. "But," he remarked, "it didn't work!" Mr. Shaw thought audiences were repelled by too high prices and by too long programs. "I can stand a concert for an hour," he said, "but after an hour and a half my attention wanders." He believed anyone with courage to advertise one hour concerts would get enormous support.

THE event which combined program matter and executive interest in the highest degree was the National Symphony Concert of the British Broadcasting Corporation in Queen's Hall. Here the presiding genius, in the fullest meaning of the term, was Ernest Ansermet, the Swiss conductor known to America by his direction of the Russian Ballet performances about a decade ago.

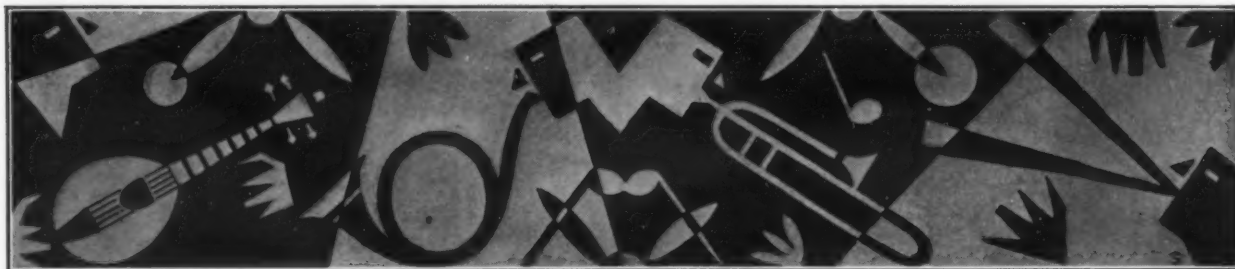
Not for nothing does the personal appearance of Ansermet recall the decorative types found on the sculptured monuments of ancient Chaldea. Added to the precision of his readings—he used to be professor of mathematics at Lausanne before he adopted music as a career—he has curiously compelling traits of gesture, a kind of Oriental feline subtlety of movement, which repeatedly suggests the employment of some magical formulae. To this unique expressive capacity of his movements, which extends to his fingers from his shoulders, yet is never pretentious or posturing, Ansermet's aquiline features, tapering to a curling Assyrian-like beard, give an indelible impression of the magician. Sometimes he negates the conventions of a baton's beat to make what one can only term passes over the orchestra, in which case the beholder immediately perceives the line to be the essential one of the musical phrase thus visualized.

The novelty of the concert the first London performance of Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, heightened the impressioo. For this is music imbued with Debussy's sense of tonal symbolism, to which the mysticism of the text, expressed in terms of an ecstatic emotionalism, gives a heightened fervor.

Either by happy chance or by unusual discrimination, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* formed the counter-attraction. There one had the perfect foil. Debussy's work is all subjective mood; Stravinsky's is all primal, physical urge.

MARIA KORCHINSKA, the Russian harpist, is an outstanding figure in London concert halls. Seldom has she presented a work not intrinsically of first rate in-

(Continued on page 62)



SQUARING THE CIRCLE

CHALIAPIN DISCUSSES THE OLD, THE NEW AND THE "TALKIES"

By Sulamith Ish-Kishor

ALTHOUGH he has not chosen to make the fact public, it is stated on good authority that Feodor Chaliapin will not return next year to the United States. Simultaneously with this statement, and with the news that he has finally been persuaded to sing over the radio, comes the announcement that Chaliapin has at last signed a contract to make a talking picture—or a singing picture, for which he will receive \$200,000.

When I talked to Chaliapin a few days ago in New York, he was reclining in a very capacious armchair in the restful living room of his Hotel Ansonia apartment. With a subtle smile and in a very soft tone he admitted the possibility of his making a "talkie"—or should one say, in this case, a "singie"? When Chaliapin "admits a possibility," it usually means that everything is decided upon except the royalties.

"Do you think that movies, or 'talkies,' can provide a worthy medium for a really great art?" I asked him.

"Why not?" he replied. "It is a new art-form, and it has the greatest possibilities for development. In a few more years it will be mature—then we shall see a new art in America."

"In making a talkie, do you think you will need to use a different technic from that which you require in opera?"

"Oh, no. I do not think there is much difference. One acts and talks before the camera as one does before an audience. But it is more difficult—or more tense—because you cannot be allowed to make the slightest slip. On the stage an error can pass, it may escape notice, or the actor can in some way distract the attention of the audience. But before the camera—" Chaliapin struck one hand sharply against the other with a gesture of finality—"printedé. The moment you make the gesture or sound the note, it is fixed forever. You see, that's not so easy," with a disarming little smile—"especially because the actor must always hide that he feels any strain. The audience

must never see the sweat of the actor's brow."

"Do you like 'new' music?"

"'New' music! How can music be 'new' or 'old'? It can't age, any more than the seasons. Isn't the sun new every morning, yet isn't it the oldest thing we know of? But if one merely takes the familiar form of music, and"—

hands and expressive features contributed to his words' meaning—"twist it, wrench it and force it into unnatural shapes, is it therefore 'new'? I don't think so. I think it is merely weird. I saw on Fifth Avenue the mannequins, standing like this—" the huge man stood up and in a moment suggested to perfection the strained, delicate posture of one of these lay-figures. "Perhaps people think that this is a very new form. But, in Egypt, three, four thousand years ago—" he sat down and opened his light blue eyes very wide—"they made their sculptures in these poses.

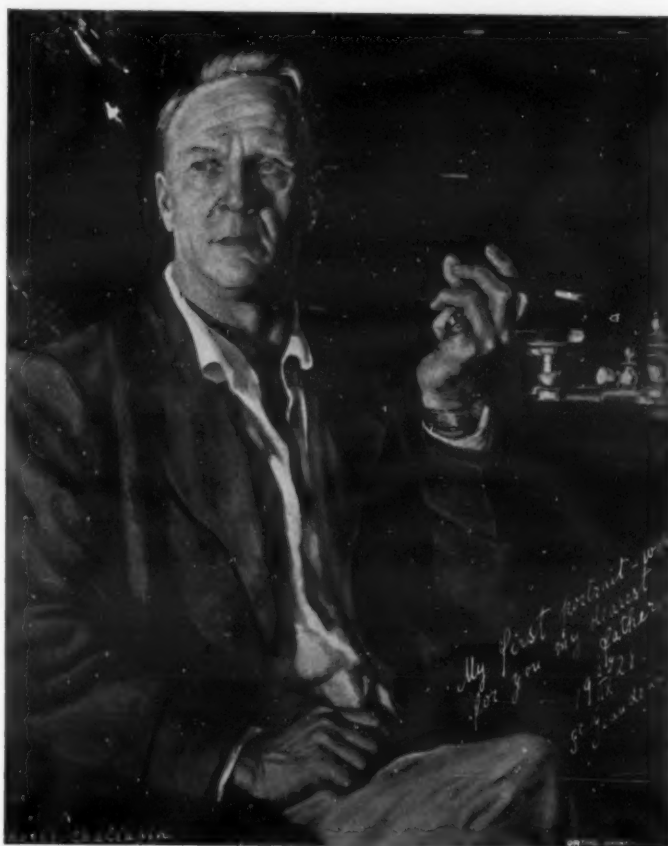
"No. Humanity is never 'new' in that way. There are forever more and more individuals born. But the body is always the same." He touched his mouth and affected to move it to the back of his neck. "Will the mouth ever be found *here*? Will the

nose ever be found on one side of the face instead of between the cheeks? To be new, to be modern, means to make use of the accumulated discoveries of great artists from the beginning up to the present minute, and to add something real, something true and natural, which one has found out for oneself?

"Moussorgsky remains the newest of the opera-composers. But that word opera is no good! It should be called 'musical dramatic performance,' for"—he enumerated upon his fingers—"it requires every art working together—composition, poetry, singing, painting, architecture, the rance, sculpture."

"Sculpture?"

(Continued on page 60)



A PORTRAIT OF FEODOR CHALIAPIN PAINTED BY HIS SON BORIS.

BLOWING ONE DAY AT THE ORGAN

DE WOLF HOPPER MADE HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH STAGE MUSIC

By R. H. Wollstein

DE WOLF HOPPER—the genial, the distinguished, the inimitable De Wolf Hopper, has this season celebrated his Golden Jubilee as foremost comedian of the American stage, and we will enter into a bona fide wager with any of our readers that they cannot guess the capacity in which he first took a hand in musical matters before a public. Are you ready? Mr. Hopper's first musical position was an invisible one—that of blowing the bellows for the organ in Dr. Octavius B. Frothingham's First Unitarian Church in New York City, while his mother, the church organist, did her daily practising and played the weekly services. "My mother was an admirable musician," says Mr. Hopper, "and as fine an organist as it has ever been my privilege to hear. Playing the organ in church for love, not for salary, was the nearest a genteel young lady could come to a musical career in those days, and I know my going on the stage was always a sort of personal reprisal to my mother. I can't remember a part of my childhood that wasn't intimately bound up with the routine of church music—organ practise and choir rehearsal, and the discussion of musical programs. It was a matter of great pride as well as a responsibility for me to be blowing the wind into the organ pipes.

"I remember when I was about twelve, some special Christmas services were held in the old Masonic Temple, on Twenty-third Street. They had an impressive double bellows organ there, with two adult blowers, who made me feel very woe-begone and unimportant and left-out. As the services progressed, it was announced that a certain pamphlet was to be put on sale, and the two adult blowers were very anxious to step down among the congregation and take a hand in the selling—I believe they were entitled to keep five cents out of every sale they made. So they asked me, just for a minute, to keep both the bellows going—foot bellows they were—while the final voluntary was being played. I did, of course. The final voluntary was generally a brief and sedately slow hymn, and I didn't count on so much as pumping the creases out of my Sunday suit. Well, how it happened, I do not know, but that day my mother did not elect to play a brief and sedately slow hymn. She didn't know I was keeping both bellows, after the manner of Horatius at the bridge—she didn't know I was in the organ loft at all—but she played the Overture to Tannhauser. It took a bit over ten minutes, it used every note in the organ, it demanded great crescendi, noble force and much wind—and there was I, leaping about from one bellows to the



other, pumping and jumping and puffing, and putting as much of my very essence and being into that Overture as Wagner ever did. When it was over, my fine, new, up-standing Christmas collar drooped like little Lord Fauntleroy's. I never did find out how many nickels those two adult blowers took in."

After the more or less impersonal footwork of the organ loft days, Mr. Hopper learned the mastery of both organ and piano from his mother. When he talks of his mother, you cannot help but feel the charmingly comradelike relationship that existed between them. In preparation for his stage work he studied voice production under Luigi Meola, and he attributes the freshness of his voice today to the very correct and healthy precepts given him then. Music has always been an integral part of Mr. Hopper's life, off the boards as well as on. As a child he absorbed the classics without knowing that their classicism was something special. Now, though his activities leave him but scant time for regular attendance at concerts or the opera, he plays and sings "good music" for his own amusement. His favorite song is "Der Abendstern" from Tannhäuser. "I love beautiful instrumental music as well," he says, "but in all music I prefer the suggestion of melody to any purely musicianly agglomeration of chords. As to the distinctly modern music that treats melody as something to be shunned, I'm willing, like Barkis, to listen to it, but it doesn't go very deeply with me. For such of it as expresses musical ideas in a genuinely musical manner, I have only admiration. But I have no admiration for such shocks, auricular blows, shrill discords, distressing siren shrieks, and chain rattlings, which, for reason of their being written on staves and perceived through the ear, take rank as *music*. They aren't music. Nothing so distinctly unlovely has any business in that gentle art. Also, I hate jazz. Not jazz proper, and confined to its proper milieu; not the spirit of jazz, which, after all, is nothing more than a manifestation of youth and exuberance. But I detest the vulgarity with which something as elemental and ingenuous as jazz rhythms is perverted into self-conscious, arrogant, would-be 'classics,' which preserve nothing of the jazz-proper they derive from, and appal one generally with their imitative spinelessness. I don't enjoy hearing roosters crowings nor sirens blast nor locomotives whistle under the name of music. There is place a plenty for such unmusical noises in their own milieu. It adds nothing to their value and it detracts from the lofty dignity of music to attempt to wed them. I hate vulgarity in any form, but vulgarity in music appears to me on the same level with vulgarity in the pulpit."

OF modern *light* music, on the other hand, I have only good things to say. The past five years have produced wonderfully encouraging changes in the type of light musical entertainment that the public is welcoming. Before that, the revue form of entertainment seemed to hold the day. Revue, to me, is nothing more than an unduly and unreasonably glorified vaudeville bill, that leaves you with nothing at all after it's done. From the producer's point of view, it's unwieldly and expensive; from the performer's, it's unrelated and unsatisfactory; and from the spectator's, it's disjointed and all too frequently uneven. I believe that before long the revue will be a thing of the past in public favor. On the other hand, the period operetta is—fortunately, I believe—coming more and more into vogue. Pieces like *Blossom Time* and *The Student Prince* and



DE WOLF HOPPER, CHIEF OF AMERICAN LIGHT OPERA COMEDIANS, WHO IS CELEBRATING HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE

White Lilacs have a continuity of plot and musical idea, and a certain amount of dignified and sustained characterization, and they afford the spectators a unified playground for their emotions and sympathies, along with all the far-away charm of period manners and settings. *Blossom Time*, you remember, was based on Schubert's music and *White Lilacs* on Chopin's. And whether the bulk of the audience actively realizes what Schubert and Chopin mean, or if they simply go away pleased with a new catchy tune,

the point is that really good music is made to penetrate to them. Even though it be a vulgarization, it is a vulgarization to good purpose."

I asked Mr. Hopper about his favorite roles. "In straight drama," he says, "I think I most enjoyed the part of Big Bill in Bairnsfather's war comedy, *The Better 'Ole*. In musical productions—although I have the hap-

(Continued on page 57)

TREASURE FROM AN OLD CHEST

REVEALS FACTS IN THE LOST HISTORY OF STRADIVARI

By *Anthony Clyne*

FACTS, hitherto unknown by historians, about Antonio Stradivari have come to light from the dusty depths of a chest recently discovered in Bergamo, Lombardy. Pains-taking research had formerly revealed but scanty information. Even the familiar statement, confidently repeated in every reference book, that Stradivari was a pupil of Amati, rested only on tradition. Now we know for the first time that Stradivari was born at Bergamo, was visiting the Cremona market on the day that unexpectedly became the time of her confinement. The date was August 14, 1645.

Forty-eight pages of manuscript make up the biography found in the treasure chest which had once belonged to a Jesuit priest, Father Theodore Bonaventura, an intimate of the Stradivari family. He was the author, and the box had lain unheeded in an attic from the time of his death until last December. Thought to be empty, it was then bought for a trifle by a second-hand furniture dealer in Bergamo. Finding the document, the latter sold it to Landro Bisiach, a violin-maker of Milan. Examination by three experts has placed the authenticity of the work beyond question.

A preface relates how Father Bonaventura became acquainted with Stradivari. Walking in Cremona, he was attracted "by sounds as human as voices coming out of a shop." He entered and found Stradivari, who later confided his will to the priest. The biography assures us that Antonio was an apprentice of Niccolo Amati, and the box also contained several of Amati's original designs, evidently given to his pupil.

Also in the chest was a monograph, consisting of three chapters and numbering ten pages. Entitled "The Violin and Its Manufacture According to the Secrets and Studies Made on My Account in Cremona, 1715, and in Faith Antonio Stradivari," it is illustrated by three drawings and by notes in a crabbed handwriting different from that of the manuscript, probably the hand of the master himself. The first section deals with the wood, which was to be sought in a certain district near Bergamo; the second with the varnish and the glue, and the third with

the shape and bodies of violins. But alas! the manuscript leaves the secret of Stradivari unrevealed. Among many letters in the chest from Antonio's pupils was one complaining that the pupil could no longer make good violins because he had no more of the master's varnish, which—he wrote—meant everything.

Another letter, from King James II of England and dated September 12, 1687, was addressed in Italian to the "Grande del Violino, Signor Stradivari in Cremona," or to the "Great Man of the Violin." It was known that a complete set of four instruments by Stradivari, two violins, viola and 'cello, was presented to King James by Michele Monza, a banker of Venice, and here we have James' acknowledgement of them. "I never saw such beautiful works of art. Cremona must consider itself fortunate to have you within its walls," he wrote.

Antonio was still under Amati's instruction when, at twenty-two, he began affixing his own label to his work. For seventy years he made violins, as is shown by a label dated "D'Anni 92." Another is dated "D'Anni 93," but the handwriting of the latter is that of his son, Omobono. The old man's hand was probably tremulous, and he was afraid of spoiling the label. He was a careful soul. Not to waste his stock of labels with "166" printed on the date line, he

altered the second "6," when 1670 arrived, and continued to use them until 1698.

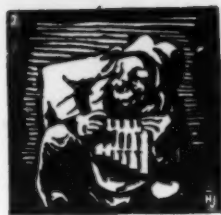
Amati made violins mostly of a small pattern, not so many of what are called "Grand Amatis." At first Stradivari followed the smaller model, strong rather than graceful and covered with thick golden varnish. About 1684 he adopted a wider model with the arch of the belly less abrupt, and a tinge of red appeared in the varnish. No pains were spared with each and every instrument to beautify it, to make the tiniest details perfect in every little block and rib and slip of the seventy separate pieces.

After 1690 Stradivari made a number of famous instruments of the so-called "long" pattern, radically different from any previous model. Then, after returning to his former pattern for a few years, about 1700 he again made wider instruments, more beautiful also in other respects. His supreme masterpieces are generally dated from 1710

(Continued on page 54)



ANTONIO STRADIVARI, KING OF VIOLIN MAKERS AND THE SUBJECT OF AN IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHY RECENTLY FOUND IN BERGAMO.



M U S I C A L A M E R I C A N A



By Hollister Noble

ON SHEEP, CATTLE, AND OTHER ANIMALS

DOUBTLESS all musical journals have in stock one or two denunciatory editorials flaying audiences for their outrageous manner of trooping in and out of concert halls, of seating themselves at all hours, of leaving twenty minutes before train time regardless of the close of the concert. These standardized articles can be published once or twice a season when the evil becomes just a bit more trying than it always is.

For us there are always two occasions upon which the conduct of audiences always justifies extensive homicide. The first two numbers of Mr. Toscanini's program invariably incite a large portion of the populace to rush down the aisle and leap over their neighbor's legs into their seats as who should say:

"I must get in my seat before the Great Maestro plays another note."

Their Great Maestro turned on these late comers the other day between two movements of Pizzetti's new composition, and remarked with frozen fury:

"Whenever you are ready." The second situation involves the last tragic debacle of Boris Godunoff with Mr. Chaliapin in the heart shaking death struggles of the shattered Czar. The most poignant moment of this scene apparently reminds a number of people that there remain but 120 bars of sound and if they hurry they can catch the 11:35.

There is little enough that musical journals, concert hall managements or even members of the audience can do to reform these conditions which become increasingly irritating with the advent of more and more prima donna and personality chasers.

What might do the job has been indicated by Mr. Toscanini. A little autocracy in the concert halls on the part of performers and artists might restore a modicum of manners and a grain of consideration to a considerable number of concert goers, not music lovers.

Mr. Toscanini has pointed the way. We suggest that Mr. Chaliapin, as he lies on his side as the expiring Boris and watches a portion of his audience fleeing for

their trains, might suddenly rise to his feet, walk out to the footlights, dance a bit of a jig and thumb his nose at the departing members. Or to be a bit more dignified than they are he might casually glance at his watch, rise, and saunter out for a bite at the Blue Ribbon.



SIEGFRIED WAGNER, CAUGHT BY OSCAR BERGER,
IN REHEARSAL AT BAYREUTH

A NIGHTMARE?

"Tell me," Mr. Elman, said a youthful admirer of that violinist, "how does it feel to be Mischa Elman?"

"Sometimes," answered the fiddler with a far away look in his eye, "sometimes I think I'm dreaming."

"THE SONG I LOVE"

We were much interested in the press picture we received the other day of Iwan d'Archambeau, for many years 'cellist of the Flonzaley Quartet, and Harold Bauer, pianist, who are to play together and as soloists on prominent programs next year. In this portrait the two musicians were ardently studying an important score on the piano rack—which with a little inspection turned out to be a bona fide copy of *The Song I Love* with the ukulele scoring, clearly visible.

¶ On a recent Sunday night Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera laid down his baton closing an engagement of 21 years at Mr. Gatti's Emporium. Next year he joins the Friends of Music as assistant to Mr. Bodanzky. Last April he conducted Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte" on two hours notice. Guest conducting at the Stadium Concerts in 1918 Mr. Eisler startled the patrons of that ancient day by introducing such solid fare as "Tod und Verklarung."

¶ The lugubrious gentleman seen about Carnegie Hall a week or so ago was probably Signor James Carroll, baggage master of the Philharmonic. All of his nine children were afflicted with the measles. They were under quarantine and the Board of Health would not permit Papa Carroll to go home.



MUSICAL AMERICANA

MME. JERITZA ON THE CHIN

WE have often pondered the founding of fortnightly health hints in this department. But Mme. Maria Jeritza's own health hints in the New York Evening Journal have proved so fascinating that henceforth we shall print in this place what we consider the most valuable advice Mme. Jeritza has given in each successive fortnight. As the great prima donna sends in her copy each day, written neatly in her own fair hand, we shall cull therefrom gems we believe will aid and hearten our readers in their ceaseless quest for beauty. We were struck by one or two paragraphs in last Monday's masterpiece entitled, "How to Improve Contour of Chin—by Maria Jeritza, Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, One of the Most Beautiful Women of the Day."

"Seated comfortably but erect in your chair," remarks Mme. J., "go through the motions of a good yawn ten times. Next, make exaggerated movements of chewing gum for two minutes."

"Turn your head as far as you can to the left shoulder, to the right shoulder, then bring it to front position and stop. Repeat this movement ten times. There are numerous other good chin exercises but these are typical."

NOTES ON A GREAT MAN

The standing room at a good many Toscanini concerts resembles a class room for conductors. Among those present at recent Philharmonic proceedings (and frequently for repetitions) were Vincenzo Bellezza, Wilfred Pelletier and Tullio Serafin of the Metropolitan, Molinari just before his departure for Europe, Henry Hadley, Josiah Zuro and Eugene Ormandy.

¶ Mrs. Toscanini lost a battle with New York traffic the other day when she was knocked down by a taxicab on Fifth Avenue. Her injuries were slight.

¶ Most of Mr. Toscanini's evenings outside the concert hall are usually quiet ones. He spends a good deal of time at home working on his advance programs. He enjoys an occasional excursion usually with his compatriots and colleagues. When Molinari sailed Toscanini went to the dock with his friend and spent two hours chatting in his stateroom. Mr. T. was also scheduled for a visit to Roxy's last week.

¶ Molinari is scheduled to return in the summer for the Hollywood Bowl concerts.

¶ Erna Rubinstein, the young violinist introduced to this country a few years ago as prodigy and protegee of Mr. Mengelberg is an energetic young lady who rides her own motorcycle, is an expert mechanic and has moving picture aspirations which may be rewarded. And she is an unusually handsome girl.

PROPHET SCHOENBERG

A RETURNED native spent an afternoon in Vienna recently with the modernistic composer Arnold Schoenberg. Although Mr. Schoenberg has never been in America he told the visitor that this country is in a bad way; that a revolution is impending and that Mexico and Canada will eventually rule the United States. Astonished, the traveler asked Mr. Schoenberg why he was so sure of this exclusive information. With great dignity Schoenberg arose and proclaimed in a stern voice:

"Because, sir, I am a prophet."

¶ Nicolai Orloff, Russian pianist, once spent half his time as a student in the University of Petrograd and the other half as a teacher of music at the Conservatory. At that time he played for Czar Nicholas II, who remarked: "Mr. Orloff, you are a strange phenomenon, the first pupil-professor I have ever heard."

¶ There are rumors of a Spring season of opera for New York under the direction of Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony.

SHIP NEWS

¶ The Atlantic ferries are busy again depositing and carrying off celebrities of music. Jeritza and Grace Moore have sailed. . . . Incidentally the latter held a farewell party for herself on a recent Sunday and said au revoir to Otto Kahn, Conde Nast, George Gershwin, Beatrice Lillie, Wally Toscanini, Adamo Didur, Judith Anderson, Guiseppe de Luca, Hallie Stiles, Marguerite D'Alvarez . . . and many others.

¶ Clemens Krauss was greeted on the dock by Miss Dorle Jarmel, the Grover Whalen of Arthur Judson's big bureau. Mr. Krauss studied Miss Jarmel for some time and then remarked with unassailable finality.

"Ah, an American girl."

THE CINEMA AND THE STAGE

The Honorable James Quirk, editor of Photoplay, gave Lawrence Tibbett quite a party at the Embassy Club following Tibbett's first appearance in Jonny Spielt Auf. Some of the cinema stars present included Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, and May Allison . . . fashion note: Mrs. Tibbett wore a new black taffeta frock trimmed with huge bunches of red cherries.

¶ Whenever Caruso sang in Philadelphia an Italian butcher of that city used to send him a choice ham, a fine sausage or some other delicacy from his shop. The other day Bruno Zirato, Caruso's former secretary, journeyed to the somnolent city to hear Hope Hampton in "La Boheme." At the Academy of Music he found a large fragrant bundle addressed to him. It contained a choice leg of lamb from the friendly butcher who remembered.





OSCAR THOMPSON, OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST—A NEWSPAPER MAN OF WIDE EXPERIENCE. ONE METROPOLITAN CRITIC WHO KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS TO HIS COPY, FROM THE TIME IT LEAVES THE 41ST STREET WESTERN UNION OFFICE TILL IT APPEARS IN THE FIRST EDITION.



LEONARD LIEBLING, OF THE NEW YORK AMERICAN—A GENUINE SCEPTIC AND A PERSON WHO IS INTERESTED IN MANY THINGS BESIDES MUSIC. ONE OF THE CRITICAL FRATERNITY'S CELEBRATED RACONTEURS, AND A MEMBER OF AN ABNORMALLY LARGE FAMILY OF MUSICIANS.

MORE OF THE JOURNALISTIC CHAIN-GANG

Snapshots by Aline Fraubauf



EDWARD CUSHING, OF THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—WHO LIVES AND WORKS IN MANHATTAN. HE WILL SEAT HIMSELF AT YOUR PIANO, IF YOU ARE NOT CAREFUL, TO THE TUNE OF EIGHT BARS FROM "ROSENKAVALIER." EATS CHOCOLATE MINTS UNDAES.

March 10, 1929



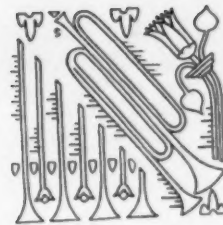
CHARLES PIKE SAWYER, MUSIC EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST—A POST INSTITUTION FOR MORE YEARS THAN MOST MUSICALI CAN REMEMBER. HE IS DESTINED TO HOLD OFFICE FOR LIFE, REGARDLESS OF THE COUNTRY'S ADMINISTRATIVE PARTY.

Page 35



OBITUARY

MESSAGER AND VESSELLA DIE IN EUROPE



By Federico Candida

ALESSANDRO VESSELLA, ex-director of the Municipal Band of Rome, is dead. He was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage.

With Vessella passed a truly singular figure. He was a real innovator and a reformer in the field of Italian band music. In the forty years he spent at the head of the Municipal Band, after he had made it the most perfect organization of its kind in Europe, he exercised a considerable influence on public taste. In Rome, some forty years ago, Wagner was considered the quintessence of obscurity. Vessella converted the crowd to Wagner. Then, making use of his magnificent transcriptions, he introduced the public to Beethoven, Bach, Strauss, etc.

Before his time, Italian bands played nothing but fantasias and potpurris, with a miscellaneous collection of instruments and a few soloists to whom were confided the *cantabile* passages. Vessella realized that no progress could be made in this direction, and radically changed the composition of the Municipal Band, enabling it to play in the *piazze* and parks what the orchestras played in theatres. He paid particular attention to the clarinet section, augmenting its scope to give the impression of a group of violins, or nearly so. He was the first in Italy to incorporate saxophones and sarrusophones into the band, and instrumentalists to such a height of technical perfection that the greatest conductors came to him to learn his secret in this department. (Among his greatest admirers Vessella counted Luigi Mancinelli and Pietro Mascagni.)

He thus formed a real orchestra of the public squares, with which he was able to give true symphonic programs. At first he had to combat active hostility, but finally the Romans' antipathy was dissipated, and in the thirty years that followed the people never missed an opportunity to give Vessella proper acknowledgement.

Musical education in Rome owes much to him. Besides his activity as founder and leader of the Band, he laid claim upon public gratitude for his elaborate and very successful transcriptions, in which effects were calculated with an aristocratic and musical sense which brought out in the highest degree the originality of the composers.

When the time seemed ripe, Vessella wished to extend his mission beyond the confines of the Municipal Band and turned his attention to popular concerts played, under his direction, by an appropriate orchestra. It was at that time that the

idea was born of founding the Augusteo.

The Band was well known abroad, and everywhere proclaimed the first in Europe. A few years ago, after the retirement of Vessella, the Band passed under the direction of O'Elia. Its decadence



Bain News Service
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

dated from that time, so much so that the Commune decided finally to disperse it.

Vessella was born at Alife (Caserta). He was sixty-eight years old. He had been instructor of band instrumentation at the Liceo di Santa Cecilia.

SIEGFRIED OCHS

Siegfried Ochs, outstanding among German choral conductors, is dead in Berlin at the age of seventy-one. Born in Frankfurt, Mr. Ochs lived in Berlin for more than fifty years and made the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus famous throughout Europe for its performances of music by Bach. When the Philharmonic Chorus was dissolved for financial reasons in 1920, Mr. Ochs assumed the conductorship of a smaller academy chorus, but abandoned it a year ago.

JACQUES BOUHY

The death of Jacques Bouhy, who created the role of Escamillo in "Carmen," occurred on a date very near to that of Minnie Maunk's passing. He was born in 1848 in Pepinster, Belgium; and, according to Le Menestrel, had once taught in New York.

THE death in Paris of André Messager ends the career of a composer with a talent which touched upon genius, says *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. M. Messager was a thorough musician, as all his work showed. He had been general director of the Opéra Comique in Paris, as well as of the Opéra, and Covent Garden in London, and conductor for a number of years of the Conservatoire concerts. He was as well known in England as in France, and his first opera bouffe, "La Béarnaise," had a long run in London, following its production in Paris. He married an Englishwoman, Hope Temple, herself a composer of many charming songs. The opera which brought him most fame in this country was "Véronique," in which Louise Gunning won a notable success.

All the best traditions of lighter French opera were personified in M. Messager, though perhaps he fell a little short of the brilliancy of Offenbach and Lecocq. He did not confine himself to opera bouffe wholly. Many of his compositions fall within the category of opéra comique. One of the most ambitious of these was "Madame Chrysanthème," founded on Pierre Loti's story, also used by Puccini in "Madama Butterfly." Another work in the same style was "La Basoche." Messager's orchestration was fluent and elegant, and his melodies were limpid and refined. If he did not quite achieve greatness, he will always hold an honorable place in the history of French music.

WILSON G. SMITH

Wilson G. Smith, composer of much music in the smaller forms and critic of *The Cleveland Press* for twenty-six years, died in Cleveland on February 26 after a prolonged illness. He was seventy-five years old.

A pupil of Scharwenka, Moszkowski, Kiel and Raff, Mr. Smith taught piano, organ, voice and composition. The author of several textbooks, he was exceedingly prolific as a composer, his works numbering nearly 1,000.

His best known songs are: "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," "Heart Sorrow," "If I But Knew." Other popular compositions are: "Humoresque," "Arietta," "Mazurka," "Romance," "Caprice Norwegienne" and "The Death of Asra."

Mr. Smith was born in Elyria, Ohio, and began his musical education in 1876 at Cincinnati.

He is survived by his widow, and a daughter, Edna. Before her marriage, Mrs. Smith was Miss Mez Brett, Cleveland artist and writer.

"DER FREISCHÜTZ" REDIVIVUS

SOME OPERATIC REUNIONS—AND ONE WITH MR. LEVITZKI

By William Spier

THERE was much to blithen the hungry heart in the renaissance, so far as the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House is concerned, of "Der Freischütz," which occurred at the Saturday matinee performance of February 23rd. Though the occasion was considerably dignified by a liberal advance usage of the epithet "revival" Weber's opera had in fact been removed from the local stage for only two seasons and its casted personnel was, with one exception, identical with that made familiar in previous essayals.

It was good to welcome back this loveable exemplar of a period in Teutonic annals when creative spirits relied upon the urgings of romantic imagination, remaining thereby in touching ignorance of the possible peregrinations of Negro jazzband maestri, and kindred subjects. "Der Freischütz," its music for the moment aside, represents a peak of the German romanticism which, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, was born out of ingredients from France and Italy and mated to its own unsoiled lore. With this work Weber at a bound invented the seminal idea of the German romantic opera; it laid the groundwork for the ensuing renaissance in all forms—from the piano whimsies of Schumann to the culminating achievements of the apotheosizing Wagner.

The melodic originality, the unfailing dramatic vigor, the feeling for the intriguingly fantastic, the sweet cleanliness, of "Der Freischütz" are not to be dismissed with the mere mention (although that is just about what is happening here.) These things are outside the malicious fingers of time, however dated one may find certain aspects of the manner in which they find expression. And it is continually surprising to note how believable are the essential dramatic episodes of the narrative. The Wolfsschlucht scene, for instance, has not become ridiculous or operationally helpless, as one might suppose. It retains, to a convincing degree, the element of grisly maleficism that must have chilled the attendant spines of a century ago. It is what Robert Louis Stevenson used to call "a fine bogey tale."

THE current Metropolitan performance of "Der Freischütz" is happy in numerous of its parts, and par-

ticularly so as regards the scenic investiture. The eeriness of the Wolfsschlucht business has been admirably realized in Mr. Joseph Urban's visualization of a dankly gruesome retreat, a rocky, wooded chasm surmounted by a natural bridge and enhanced with a phantom waterfall. In this unhealthy place Mr. Michael Bohnen's rather sottish Caspar is neatly at home, and at the performance under discussion it was this gentleman about whose vital person most of the stage interest inevitably revolved. He is in many ways the artist most completely equipped for the requirements of the role; none of the fat opportunities of this uncouth character escapes him. It is true that what usually happens in affairs that involve Mr. Bohnen's services is happening here: he has enlarged upon his creation to a somewhat immoderate extent. Nevertheless the balance of judgment must be cast, on this count, in his favor.



MICHAEL BOHNEN AS CASPAR

For smooth and delectable vocalism, as well as for considerable of the commodity called charm, there was the Agathe of Miss Maria Mueller, whose artistic attributes have gained in breadth steadily during the last two seasons. Her "Leise, Leise" was a particularly shining example of the best she has to offer. Miss Editha

Fleischer was a kittenish and songfully brilliant Aennchen. These two comported themselves congenially and contributed estimably to the spirit of the thing.

Mr. Rudolf Laubenthal took care of the fortunes of Max personally but—as, to be sure, was not surprising—without the lyric fluency that is necessary to the exponent of this music. Mr. Gustav Schuetzendorf was his usual distinguished Prince Ottokar, and Mr. Leon Rothier sang the interceding remarks of the Hermit wiah noble style. Mr. James Wolfe lent a considerable measure of horrific entertainment in his enactment of Sámuel's disportings.

At the helm sat Mr. Artur Bodanzky, in a more plastic frame of mind than usual, and giving, on the whole, a very decent account of himself and his orchestra. There

(Continued on page 39)

MUSIC THAT SMACKS OF THE SEA



A SCENE IN "BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE" AS PRODUCED AT THE FIRST SEA MUSIC FESTIVAL HELD IN VANCOUVER.

By A. Winnifred Lee

MUSIC associated with the sea, music that ranged from "Ave Maris Stella" to Senta's aria from "The Flying Dutchman" and that included chanteys, Viking songs, a ballad opera and an operetta, was heard at the first Sea Music Festival held in Vancouver under the aegis of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Six programs were given on four days under the direction of Harold Eustace Key, and under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who journeyed from Victoria to attend several performances. The ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver was used for four programs; the remaining two were given in the Auditorium.

High lights were "Bound for the Rio Grande," and "The Order of Good Cheer." The former, an operetta based on English sea chanteys, was written by Frederick William Wallace and produced under his direction. John Goss, cast as the Chanteyman, had the support of the Blue Water Chorus, and the D.O.K.K. Quartet composed of J. L. Evans, Sydney Nicholls, E. Lupton and Aubrey Clarke.

J. Murray Gibbon, publicity director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, arranged the English version of "The Ballad of Good Cheer," originally written in French by Louvign de Montigny. The music of this ballad opera was conducted by its composer, Dr. Healey Willan, vice-principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Poul Bai had the role of Champlain, and the part of Baron de Poutrincourt was taken by Ulysse Paquin. Playing the instrumental score were the Hart House Quartet; W. R. Davies, flutist, and E. White, oboe player. C. B. Cox had charge of the staging.

The Hart House Quartet appeared also on its own account; and many old sea songs, interspersed with folk airs, were presented in various forms at different programs. A vocal quartet organized for the festival consisted of Frances James, Marion Copp, Herbert Hewetson, and Mr.

Key. A number of special interest was "Ave Maris Stella," the national hymn of the Acadians of Nova Scotia. Suggested as such by Louis XIII to French settlers early in the seventeenth century, it is the first sea song authentically connected with Canada.

Performed for the first time by soloist and male chorus was "Ten Thousand Miles Away," arranged by Dr. Willan. Chanteys were sung by John Goss; and Mr. Bai, representing a Viking, sang sea songs of Scandinavia. Senta's aria from "The Flying Dutchman" was contributed by Jeanne Dusseau, who was also heard in French-Canadian music arranged by Dr. Ernest MacMillan.

Miss Copp sang Hebridean and English folk songs, with Dr. Willan at the piano, and Mr. Paquin was a singer of French-Canadian folk music and chanteys. Gaelic folk songs held a prominent place on the programs, and one exponent of these was Finlay Campbell. "At a Lewis Fishing" was the title of a Gaelic folk play, presented by members of the Lewis Gaelic Society of Vancouver under the direction of Ethel Bassin.

The Winnipeg Sea Scouts were participants. Prominent among them were Cadet George Kent, soprano; Cadet George Pollak, violinist; Cadet Jack Sutton, pianist; Cadet Andy Cunningham, cornetist, and Cadet William Lamont, clarinetist. Chanteys were sung by the Vancouver Sea Scouts. The children's matinee showed careful coaching of the young performers, who were given an ovation. Outstanding was the choir of over 200, trained by Ethel Bassin.

A program by adult choirs included Stanford's "The Revenge," with incidental solos by Leonard Hayman and Glyndwr Jones. These choruses were presented by the North Vancouver Choral Society, with Dr. Frederick Rogers conducting. Part songs and Stanford's "Songs of the Fleet" were given by the Vancouver Welsh Male Choir.

FUTURE OF SEATTLE'S SYMPHONY ASSURED

By Richard E. Hays

AFTER many years of occasional artistic success, of persistent financial failure and factional controversy, the permanency of Seattle's Symphony Orchestra seems to be assured. Support of the orchestra is growing, and since October 1 the number of persons hearing its concerts has been more than twice the total recorded in any other season. Eighteen concerts were attended by more than 50,000 patrons.

An enlarged schedule for next season calls for twenty-six concerts divided into ten subscription performances in the Metropolitan, six Civic Auditorium programs and ten concerts for young people. Orchestral plans also include engagements of noted soloists; they will appear in the Auditorium, which seats 6,500.

The present orchestra closed its third season with a program interrupted by the presentation of a laurel wreath to Karl Krueger, conductor. Various civic organizations paid their respects. Red roses and the wreath were proffered by a little girl on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Krueger had to bend very low to kiss her hand.

The orchestra's improvement under Mr. Krueger has been gratifying to discriminating music lovers, and the performance of Brahms C Minor Symphony at this concert was the climax of its seasonal achievement. The program also included Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture; Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and Ernst's Hungarian Airs for Violin and orchestra, with John Weicher, concertmaster, as soloist.

Prominent among visitors have been Geraldine Farrar, Angna Enters in her dance "Episodes," and Barbara Lull. The last-named was presented by Pro Musica. Of local interest was the mid-winter concert of the Nordica Choral Club.

Thirty pianos will be played on by thirty advanced pupils of Harry Krinke in the Metropolitan Theatre on March 10. The program will feature a transcription of Schubert's B Minor Symphony.

NEW YORK SUPERVISORS HOLD MEETINGS

The In-and-Out New York Music Supervisors' Club will hold its last meeting of the season on May. 4. The program for a recent meeting was announced to consist of short talks and informal singing. Joseph E. Maddy was to speak on How to Make Instrumental Music Attractive to School Children, and the main choral work was listed as under the direction of George H. Gartlan, with Marie Nerent and Marie Flynn as teachers in charge. P. W. Dykema is chairman of the Club. Prominent among his associates are F. C. Conklin, Hollis Dann, Josephine Duke, Florence L. Haines, Mr. Bartlan and Thomas Wilson.

(Continued from page 37)

were grounds for cavil, perhaps, in his unsympathetic treatment of Weber's *crescive appoggiature*, and purists will maintain that he has only in theory and not in fact bettered matters by composing recitatives out of left-over snippets of the Weberian cloth.

THE season's initial "Rheingold" (and, we fear, the only recounting that will be forthcoming in these parts until next year) occurred as the second lap of the Wagner matinee cycle, on February 21st. This was, in effect, one of the most well spun performances of the Prologue to the Trilogy that has been heard locally in some time. It had good pace and spirit and its singing was as uniformly superior as could be demanded of those who were concerned. Several details of staging and general synchronization had been more attentively seen to than usual. Mr. Bodanzky, of course, was in charge, and the tempos he set from the very outset precluded any necessity for stamping angrily on his stand, as had been the case in one moment of the "Freischütz" when the sluggishness of the choral contingent tried him too sorely.

For many, now that the business of specifying is in order, the principal aspect of musical interest lay in the superbly articulate utterance of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who appeared in the categorical role of guest artist and in the Wagnerian one of Erda. It is impossible, naturally, to have anything to say about Mme. Schumann-Heink's histrionic achievement in this part, since the only visible action that is allotted to Erda is that contingent upon trap-door transportation. But if ever there was acting with the voice it was accomplished on this occasion, and with a conviction that no physical movements could have emphasized more strikingly. And, to be sure, Mme. Schumann-Heink is old-fashioned enough to sing well.

The Wotan was Mr. Friedrich Schorr, who is rather less vivid in this stage of the divinity's progress than in later developments. His vocalism, it is needless to add, was above reproach; it carried his characterization by its own vitality. Mmes. Kappel and Mueller, as Fricka and Freia respectively, were satisfactory enough without being in the least distinguished. Mr. Walter Kirchhoff once again proved that Loge is his best role. Mr. Schutzen-dorf's Alberich was excellent, as was Mr. Meader's Mime. Mr. Alfio Tedesco, who portrayed Froh (the God, it seems to us, of Asininity) was something awful. Others, particularly Mr. Fred Patton and Mr. Leon Rothier, were more than sufficient to their duties.

THIRTEEN years have passed since Mr. Mischa Levitzki made his American debut before a public that found immense promise in the pianistic things he had to say. Whether or not he has continued to fulfill his status as an artist of widespread appeal we, who have no insight whatsoever into the public's emotions, do not know. We suspect that he has; the salutes that were bestowed upon him at his Carnegie Hall recital of February 26th would certainly tend to prove it.



MISCHA LEVITZKI, RETURNING TO AMERICA FROM A TWO YEARS' TOUR ABROAD, GIVES A PIANO RECITAL IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Levitzki, and it is too bad, too, has succumbed to a species of animated languidity that has always been more or less in his blood. His performances are limited, when it comes to expressing human emotional elements, to such a degree as to make their resultant power almost negligible. This is not to dismiss Mr. Levitzki as a purely superfluous dot on the concert calendar. His playing, as a matter of fact, possesses a remarkable quality of sensory delight; it must be as much fun for him to produce such clean, bright, vibrant, fresh, crisp auralities from the piano as it is for us to experience them. One's ear receives uncommon satisfaction, one's muscles tingle with the consciousness of exhilarant health as Mr. Levitzki orders his technical servant about.

It is pleasant, and not at all unmoving, to hear, for instance, so exemplary a tonal lustre as Mr. Levitzki brought to the C minor Nocturne of Chopin, or the delicious purity with which he tinkled the replies to the chorale in the C sharp minor Scherzo. And it is difficult to withstand the Champagnely sparkle that makes so stale a liquor as the ubiquitous "Campanella" ambrosian when he essays it.

But withal there is surprisingly little musical contentment to be derived from Mr. Levitzki's evenings at the keyboard. As represented in his recital of last week—it marked his return after two years of globe touring, incidentally—his expositions were fashioned out of the same material as usual. He played the C minor Variations of Beethoven, the G minor Sonata of Schumann, the Prelude, Chorale and Fugue of Franck, all with the same abstract virility, the identical taken-for-granted kind of perfection. Mr. Levitzki seemed to look down over his nose at this music, so to speak. There was no superciliousness about it, but rather a sort of vague interest akin to a well-crammed scholar negotiating his Math Exam.

Reviews of Other New York Music Appear on Pages 40, 46, 47, and 58 of This Issue.



Die Walküre

IF any performance can make "Die Walküre" a vital, glowing, gripping musical experience it must resemble very closely the one which the Metropolitan gave it on Thursday, February 28, in its afternoon "Ring" series. It was marked by the return of Lauritz Melchior, whom we are tempted to call the only good German operatic tenor, and of Grete Stuckgold, almost entirely recovered from the prolonged illness which has kept her from the Metropolitan boards these many weeks. Mr. Bohnen being indisposed, Mr. Schorr was called in to give his peerless Wotan. Mme. Kappel got off to a rather poor start but more than recovered herself before the end. Mr. Bodanzky, aside from sundry details, conducted with the zeal and the authority that stamp his best performances. Mme. Branzell was a Fricka of dignity becoming a goddess, and in magnificent voice. Mr. Gustafson does not give Hunding undue prominence. The Walküre were, of course, hopeless.

What always prevents Metropolitan performances from being the completely satisfactory works of art that they might be is the general histrionic mediocrity—and worse. About Mr. Melchior's bulk there is unfortunately little to be done. But the sort of stage direction which he gets in the Vaterland would breathe a spark of life into his acting. Brandishing the lance she carries may be the proper and traditional thing for Brunnhilde to do on the "ho!" of each of her cries from on high, but if she cannot do it with some degree of ease and without raising havoc with the cry itself a prudent policy would dictate that she be advised to desist. And the less fantastic the toe-tripping that the Walküren do during their celebrated ride the better for all concerned.

A. M.

Luella Melius

LUELLA MELIUS, coloratura soprano formerly of the Chicago Opera Company, gave her first recital after a local absence of about two years at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, February 19. She began it with an air from Handel's *Floridante* and an anonymous, florid Fingo per me diletto. A most unusual item was the *Et incarnatus est* from Mozart's *C-minor Mass*, effective because of the singer's purity of style. The group of lieder was less successful—the phrases of Schumann's "Mondnacht" were pushed and disjointed, and those of Schubert's "Der Jungling an der Quelle" often angular in contour. The other German songs were "Die Forelle" and "Er ist's."

Inasmuch as Mme. Melius often does not establish a song mood, she did not do her best work until she reached her operatic excerpts, the display arias from "Sonnambula," "Perle du Brésil," and "Dinorah." These showed the wide range of the voice, its remarkable flexibility, bright high staccati and flawless trill, yet made no embarrassing interpretative demands. The artist devotes herself exclusively to the producing of clear, carefully placed

tones, but by considering each tone separately she at times breaks the phrase line; her diction is a secondary consideration. Brooks Parker supplied flute obbligati and two solos, Solon Alberti played the piano accompaniments, and Pierre Mathieu, oboist, and Louis Leterlier, bassoonist, assisted in the air from the *Mozart Mass*.

A. P. D.

Flonzaley Quartet

FROM OUR LIFE" might well have been the title chosen by the Flonzaley Quartet for their concert in the Town Hall on February 26. The program was the third and last of their final subscription series in New York, and although the Flonzaleys' farewell appearance will not be made until March 17, this performance had somewhat the character of an artistic summary of all they have accomplished in twenty-five years of outstanding public service. Mozart's Quartet in D, Brahms' in C minor and Smetana's "From My Life," formed the program, which was heard by an audience of distinguished demeanor and capacity proportions. That the Flonzaleys' performance throughout was one of the deepest dignity and loftiest idealism goes almost without saying; and a feeling of sadness over their approaching disbandment was quickly wiped out by a surge of gratitude for all they have done. Continued applause at the concert's end was apparently less of a supplication for encores than a demonstration of affection for Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Nicholas Moldavan and Iwan d'Archambeau, a demonstration tendered in part payment of a happy debt.

P. K.

Conductorless Orchestra

IF the Conductorless Orchestra is not entirely without a conductor it is most certainly not the fault of Mitja Stilman, its concertmaster. For certain questions of tempo and for initial attacks the orchestra must necessarily look somewhere, and they take their cue, in general, from Mr. Stilman. But it would hardly be possible for anyone to be more self-effacing than he in his avoidance of anything which could possibly be taken for the limelight. Which is refreshing.

The pleasure to be got from a concert like the one of Thursday evening, February 28, is chiefly, however, just this satisfaction that comes from seeing a group of musicians working in complete unity of purpose. Their claims to fame in the domain of accompaniment seem fairly well grounded: their response to Naoum Blinder, who played the Tchaikovsky violin concerto very brilliantly, was most elastic and sensitive. In the Handel Concerto Grosso with which they opened their program, however, there was a certain insecurity and heaviness; it was not a performance which would have done a conducted orchestra any great credit.

And when it came to the Nocturnes of Debussy conductorlessness was brought out into the open and shown to be no asset. It has been said that fifty million French-

men can't be wrong; but no one knew, it is safe to assume, how wrong some four score orchestral musicians could be until the "Fetes" performance the other evening. The idea of playing the muted trumpet passage at the same fast tempo as the beginning was an original and a bad one. The balances in "Nuages," too, are too delicate to be entrusted to a select committee.

The "Meistersinger" Overture concluded the program. The audience was vociferous.

A. M.

John Powell

JOHN POWELL, Virginian pianist and composer, gave a program of long approved music before a large audience at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, February 23. In a Vivaldi Concerto the artist showed his nicety in keeping the polyphonic texture clear, particularly in the fugue movement; he made the aria noble and sad, and built up a fine climax in the finale. The Liszt B minor Sonata is a work that he interprets *con amore*; its sentimentality appeals to him, but never during the twenty-nine minutes taken for its performance did he make it overdrawn. His technique was more than equal to the Lisztian demand for thundering chords, rippling scales and arpeggi, and the light staccati of the scherzo section. The group containing Schumann's *Fantasiestück in A flat* and March in E flat, and Chopin's Scherzo in B minor was alive with strong, propulsive rhythms; the first Schumann piece had romantic *schwärmerei*. The final group listed dances of the people—three fresh Country Dances of Beethoven, the pianist's own "The Banjo Picker" (introducing Dixie), and Guion's "Turkey in the Straw." The auditors liked so well the orthodox selection of music and the manner in which Mr. Powell played it that a Chopin number had to be added to the long program as an encore.

A. P. D.

Friends of Music

IF the performance of the St. John Passion which was heard in the Town Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 3, had been a special performance, long awaited, long rehearsed, for which one had traveled to Vienna, one would probably have talked about it for the rest of one's days. Mr. Wohlleben's work in training the chorus of the Society of the Friends of Music is the work of a master of his craft, and Mr. Bodanzky is at his best at these concerts. The result was a performance so profoundly moving, so completely religious in spirit that any detailed comment would be as superfluous as the applause which the overflowing audience spontaneously rejected,—or nearly so. Those participating included Mmes. Hayden and Telva, Messrs. Meader, Schlegel and Schorr, Lynwood Farnam at the organ and Paul Eisler at the pseudo-harpsichord.

A. M.

(Continued on page 46)



LEAVENING THE MASS

WITH A DIFFUSION OF MUSIC IN SETTLEMENT SCHOOLS



By John Alan Haughton

WITH the general diffusion of learning, once almost wholly confined to clerics and their ilk, there has inevitably come an expansion in the knowledge of music, although this is still less widespread than is culture along some other lines. While it is probable that music is more accessible to the rank and file of humanity than ever before in the world's history, the fact remains that a working familiarity with it is not as common as an appreciation of literature or a fundamental understanding of scientific principles. The question is not one of training virtuosi for the operatic stage or concert hall, but is related to teaching the great mass of our children something about music, exactly as they are taught to read and write and to work out ordinary mathematical problems; and it is in the music settlement schools that this is being done to a gratifying degree.

Steadily, for thirty-seven years, the music settlement school idea has been growing. The first classes of this kind were opened in Hull House, Chicago, in 1892. Without any apparent connection, two years later, the germ of a music settlement school began to sprout in New York, where Emily Wagner made a modest beginning in the old Mariners Temple in Chatham Square, about the toughest neighborhood in the city at that time. Later, a room was rented in a tenement and lessons were given for five cents each. The school which is the outgrowth of this unpretentious start has now the largest enrollment of any in the city.



FOUR YEARS OLD, HE HEARD A VIOLIN OVER THE RADIO AND WANTED TO "DO THAT, TOO."

There is music of some sort in practically every settlement house in New York. Eight schools are banded together as the Association of Music School Settlements. These schools, with more than 200 teachers, give individual lessons to between 2,500 and 3,000 pupils a year. The fact is to be stressed from the outset that teaching in these schools is no longer a matter of irregular instruction by talented amateurs of wavering enthusiasm, but is highly organized and under the guidance of men and women whose musical education is the best obtainable, and who possess executive ability as well. In other words, these settlement music schools are conservatories of music in every sense of the word.

One school has had an interesting experience with youthful gangsters, male and female. Housed in what was formerly a fine dwelling in a once fashionable residential section, it stands directly on the street and is unprotected. Methods of rowdy attack varied slightly, but were always characterized by features of keen annoyance. Garbage and other ordure in the letter box constituted a perennial disturbance. Missiles in the form of dead rats and rotten tomatoes were frequently hurled through the open windows.

Then one day a young harpy of the type that furnished the *petroleuses* of the Paris Commune, a child whose ingenuity for causing irritation amounted to genius, presented herself at the school and announced that she wanted to "take." It has never been discovered whether this was mere bravado or whether she had really decided there might be something in "this-here music-lesson business" after all. But she began piano lessons and did surprisingly well, and almost immediately the rats and over-ripe fruits of the earth ceased arriving through the front windows. Some months after there appeared, chalked upon the sidewalk, a large heart, inside which was the declaration, "I Love My Music Lessons." No one could find out who did it until a reward of a chocolate icecream soda was offered, when the harpy shamefacedly admitted that she and the devotee of music culture were one and the same.

Quite apart from the aesthetic and social development, there is the financial side of the question, interesting to all flesh. One hears of the only son of a poverty-stricken family, the mother of which was an invalid. The entire care of the household fell upon two girls of eleven and twelve who did everything, even the family washing. The son wanted to be a doctor. A scholarship in the violin department of one of the schools was provided for him. External things prevented his passing his entrance examinations into the Columbia Medical School, so, taking his fiddle under his arm, he went to a medical school in

another city where requirements for admission were not so exacting. At the same time he got a position in the orchestra of a motion picture house. Almost at once he was earning \$80 a week. Forty of this he sent home. He graduated with honors and was at once put on the staff of a large New York hospital. Still fiddling, he earned enough money to support his family and go to Vienna for further study in surgery. Even in the post-war Austrian capital he was able to support himself.

Cases of this type could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. It is stated by the head of one school that every major orchestra in the country has in its personnel a former member of his student body.

Like all educational enterprises, these schools cost money. As in the case of the great universities, the tuition fee covers only about one-third of the cost of the pupil. Unfortunately, the State has not yet been brought to see that an annual grant from public funds would be not only appropriate but welcome into the bargain. A private corporation has given assistance but for the most part, private subscription and occasional "drives" finance the schools, though some have endowments. Fortunately, too, far-seeing individuals of wealth have provided fine buildings in a number of cases. Other schools, however, are struggling along in unattractive and insufficiently equipped quarters. It is significant that by no means is the least good teaching done in these last-named. "And the moral of that is" as the Duchess said to Alice, that when you get an all-absorbing idea, you cannot kill it.

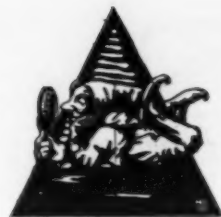


ALREADY A 'CELLO STUDENT, SHE TRIES HER HAND AND BOW AT A GROWN-UP INSTRUMENT.



TAKEN FROM THE AIR

WHAT THE RADIO ARTISTS ARE DOING



By David Sandow

WERE it not for sustaining features, the music lover would find little in broadcasting seriously to claim his attention. The appellation, "sustaining feature," as you probably know, is the term applied to non-commercial broadcasts utilized to fill in the station's time between the more lucrative "hours." It is hardly necessary to list specifically these broadcasts; they are easily recognizable.

Untrammelled by the "taint" of commercialism, and consequently exempt from subservience to the advertising barons, the sustaining programs struggle along without sponsorial garnishments. Furthermore, it is in these that program builders have made most attempts to realize the potentialities of radio as a music medium. And though shunted about to make room for commercial newcomers, and generally assigned left-over spots on the day's calendar, they nevertheless have succeeded in attaining a pretty fair level of musical worth. In short, it is mainly in the sustaining features that what constitutes the modicum of good music now on the air is to be found.

MUSICAL timidity has been, and still is, the sponsored broadcasts chief bugaboo. Yes, I know of the Walter Damrosch General Electric and R. C. A. Hours, the Atwater Kent Series and some of the General Motor Family Parties (General Motors family, by the way). And I also am aware that these, with one or two contemporaries, are responsible for such operatic and concert artists as are heard on the radio. But what of the remaining ninety (well, eighty-nine) per cent of the financially endowed features? To put it very gently, the great majority of the sponsored series are not dedicated to the best artistic standards, and what little good music they do offer is never outside the harbor of tried and trusted "favorites." Nor does the future loom any too bright. As was noted on this page not so long ago, practically all the new contractors have placed their dollars on broadcasts which have proved musically negligible.

SINGING "VIOLINS" "contraltones," "cello quartets," "clarinet quintets" . . . these are but a few of the unique combinations invented to instill novelty and fresh interest in radio presentations.

It is surprising what a little ingenuity can accomplish once it is directed in the proper channel.

THE library of the merged New York Symphony, valued at \$60,000, has been placed at the disposal of the National Broadcasting Company by Walter Damrosch. Housed as a separate unit, it will supplement the library of the N. B. C. in which are to be found complete scores of all forms of music from the lowliest fox-trot to the great symphonic and operatic works. The Symphony library was founded by Leopold Damrosch, father of the Damrosch nationally known in radio. It will continue to be under the custody of Hans Goettich, former librarian of the New York Symphony, who desires to maintain unbroken a record of thirty-five years without the loss of a single sheet of music. Besides the wealth of orchestral music, the library includes a set from the original edition of the Ring Tetralogy presented by Wagner to the elder Damrosch, in addition to first copies of several Tchaikovsky symphonies, gifts of the Russian composer to the younger Damrosch.

KATHERINE TRENHOLM, radio scribe of *The New York Sun*, will soon complete the first "Who's Who in Radio," also to be known as "The Blue Book of the Air." A sort of radio Grove's Dictionary, it will contain all you will want to know about the personalities back of the microphone. Miss Trenholm has divided the broadcast world into three main sections: "Artists," "Announcers" and "Features." Under these headings will appear sketches of the personal and professional histories of practically the entire radio fraternity. In addition the book will include articles by prominent broadcasters, Federal radio officials, etc., etc. Annual releases, brought up to date, will supplement the first edition which Miss Trenholm expects will be in the hands of the publishers within a month.

IF the extent of Feodor Chaliapin's first microphone appearance was disappointingly small, its worth as a fine broadcast was inversely great. The Russian bass, sang but four numbers, of which two were musically insignificant, but gave ample demonstration of the song as a medium of expression. Vocally, Chaliapin

has been in better form, but as a singer in its literal sense he was superb.

"Guest" Announcer Louis A. Witten, who master-of-ceremonies the foregoing broadcast, introduced a new phase in announcerial liberty. Overcome by enthusiasm, Mr. Witten so far strayed from his role as to assume publicly the role of a one-man cheering section.

ONE prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera's baritone contingent followed another when Giuseppe De Luca and Lawrence Tibbett sang on successive nights in recent General Motors and Atwater Kent programs. Both artists gave excellent accounts of themselves; but Mr. Tibbett proved the better radio singer, perhaps because he gave more careful consideration of the peculiarities of microphone singing. Yet Mr. De Luca's finely spun *pianissimi* were soothing to the ear, even though stronger tones caused the control operator not a little worry.

ELISABETH RETHBERG, whose voice and art are not entirely unknown to radio listeners, deserves also commendation for the program she arranged for her A. K. concert. Disdaining almost completely the more stereotyped operatic pieces, Miss Rethberg included a brace of Wagnerian arias, which while not heard for the first time, are too infrequently assayed by artists equipped to delineate them.

CYRENA VAN GORDON, who often takes the air in journeying about on concert tours, sang not long ago from a point about 2,000 feet above New York City. Seated in a monoplane and playing her own accompaniments on a portable organ, Miss Gordon broadcast a forty-minute program through WGBS.

PRESENT SNOW ANGEL

The first performance of *The Snow Angel*, an orchestral prelude by Ignatius Groll, was given by the Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra under Dean Fredrik Holmberg at a recent concert. Mr. Groll is head of the music department of St. Gregory's College, Shawnee, Okla. Music by Wagner, Delibes, Debussy and Chabrier was on the same program, and the vocal soloist was Willard Erhardt.





CYRENA VAN GORDON

MISS VAN GORDON, herewith pictured as the Spring Fairy in "The Snow Maiden," sang to New York and Brooklyn from the air when she ascended with a portable organ as part of her equipment. An important contralto member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, Miss Van Gordon changed her usual procedure of going on tour with the organization this season because concert and

radio bookings claimed her attention, and because of her determination not to miss the Aviation Show in New York. The guest at the Show of Lady Heath, noted British aviatrix, Miss Van Gordon purchased an air craft for her own use and flew to Philadelphia and back. On a trip to Europe last summer, Miss Van Gordon spent most of her time in flying.

THE TURN OF THE DIAL

MONDAY, MARCH 11

9:30 p. m. Albert Spalding in Vita-phone Hour. CBS.

9:30 p. m. Gennaro Papi and Symphony Orchestra in General Motors Hour. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Lisa Lehmann's "Alice in Wonderland" Suite, sung by the United Choral Singers. CBS.

11 p. m. "The Marriage of Figaro," radio version. National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12

8 p. m. Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. WLW.

9 p. m. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Old Gold Hours. CBS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13

5 p. m. National Music League program. NBC System.

7:30 p. m. La Touraine Concert Orchestra. Liszt, Beethoven, Dvorak. NBC System.

10 p. m. The Continentals in program of Modern Music. Honegger, Ravel, Milhaud, Schmitt. NBC System.

10 p. m. Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," excerpts from Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," and excerpt from Schumann's Quartet in A minor in Kolster Hour. CBS.

11 p. m. Slumber Hour. Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. NBC System.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14

10 p. m. Bamberger Little Symphony. Richard Maxwell, tenor soloist. D'Indy, Beethoven, Massenet, Goldmark; and songs by Hahn, Herbert and Handel. WOR.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15

11 a. m. RCA Educational Hour. Walter Damrosch and orchestra. NBC System. First half: Horn and Trumpet, Mendelssohn, Rossini and Herbert. Second half: The overture, Weber and Rossini. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Pacific Little Symphony Concert program. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. National Broadcasting Bureau Musicale. NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16

6:30 p. m. White House Dinner Concert. Gounod, Nevin, Sullivan and Herbert. NBC System.

8 p. m. The overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the Andante from Glazunoff's Fourth Symphony, music from Franck's "Redemption" and works by Elgar and Saint-Saens in General Electric program. Walter Damrosch, conductor. NBC System.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17

1 p. m. National Artists' Hour. Genia Zielinska, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Giuseppe di Benedetto, tenor,

and Arcadie Birkenholz, violinist. NBC System.

2 p. m. Roxy Symphony Orchestra. Symphonic program. NBC System.

3 p. m. Bach's "Passion According to Saint Matthew," sung in special Cathedral Hour. Orchestra and soloists. CBS.

3 p. m. The New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, conductor. WOR.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Frederick Stock, conductor. Weber, Tchaikovsky, Godard and Herbert. Midwest NBC System.

7:30 p. m. Baldwin Hour with John Corigliano, violinist, and Harry Perrella, pianist. Program includes works by Rachmaninoff, Kreisler and Spalding. NBC System.

9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System.

10 p. m. Alma Gluck in De Forest Hour. CBS.

MONDAY, MARCH 18

9 p. m. Will Rogers' favorite music in Edison Records' program. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Mildays Musicians in program by Mozart, Boccherini, Beethoven and others. NBC System.

11 p. m. Beethoven's "Fidelio" by the National Grand Opera Company. Frederic Baer, Judson House, Astride Fjelde, Rosalie Wolf and Edward Wolter head the cast. NBC System.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19

8 p. m. Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. WLW.

11 p. m. Slumber Hour. NBC System.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20

10 p. m. Operatic excerpts by the Continentals. NBC System.

10 p. m. Kolster Symphony Orchestra. CBS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21

10 p. m. Bamberger Little Symphony. WOR.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22

4 p. m.—Concert program by the Pacific Little Symphony. NBC System.

11 a. m. RCA Educational Hour. Walter Damrosch and orchestra. NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23

8 p. m. General Electric Orchestra in symphonic program. NBC System.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24

2 p. m. Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor. WOR.

3 p. m. United Symphony Orchestra. CBS.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Frederick Stock, conductor. Midwest NBC System.

9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System.

MONDAY, MARCH 25

10:30 p. m. National Grand Opera Company. NBC System. Wednesday, March 27.

10 p. m. The Continentals in operatic excerpts. NBC System.

10 p. m. The Kolster Symphony Orchestra. CBS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

10:30 p. m. The National Broadcasting and Concert Musicale Bureau. Friday, March 29.

11 p. m. The Slumber Hour. NBC System.

11 a. m. The RCA Educational Hour. Walter Damrosch, conductor and lecturer. NBC System.

4 p. m. The Pacific Little Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

8 p. m. The Goldman Band. NBC System.

9 p. m. General Electric Hour. Walter Damrosch conducting, Symphonic program. NBC System.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31

2 p. m. Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m. Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. WOR.

4 p. m. The Cathedral Hour. Sacred works of great composers. CBS.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Midwest NBC System.

9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14

10 p. m. Charles Hackett and Rudolph Ganz in De Forest Hour. CBS.

SCHELLING WILL BE TOSCANINI SOLOIST

Ernest Schelling will be the soloist at Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concerts, under Arturo Toscanini, in New York on March 14 and 15, playing the piano part in his own "Impressions of an Artist's Life." On March 16, Mr. Schelling is to appear again with the orchestra, this time as conductor, at the last of his children's concerts for the season. Prize-winners will be announced, and the program is to be chosen by ballot.



I PLAY THE PICCOLO

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF HI HENRY AND THE HOME TOWN BAND

By Joseph C. Duport

IT was during the noon hour when, with the majority of the inhabitants of our traditional New England town, I stood on the curb and watched and listened to the band of Hi Henry, old-time king of minstrelsy. I was about eighteen, "devil" in the local newspaper office, impressionable, and eager to grasp the many and varied offerings of life. Consequently, as the majestic "Hi" passed at the head of his band, tall, handsome, well groomed and carrying in his manner the sophistication of the outside world, I felt that in him was embodied all that anyone could strive for in this world.

One thing Hi Henry and his band did accomplish that day, and that was to stir up in my breast a strong leaning

open air concert; or, on occasion, as they strode along on the march at the head of the Fourth of July parade, some in step, and others not so much so. Our leader, a very good cornetist, was a man of small stature, stoop shoul-



DRUMS, FORE AND AFT,
THAT HELPED TO MAKE
THE WELKIN RING.



toward such an organization, and a resolve to gain membership in the local cornet band at the earliest possible moment. I had played piccolo a little in our home drum corps, and felt that with a little refinement and faithful study, I might make the grade. In due time, and with due formality, I was voted into the home band, and by degrees advanced in the highly honorable art of making the welkin ring.

What a contrast there was between the silver cornet band of Hi Henry and our own homespun aggregation! Far be it from me to strike a pose of disrespect or ridicule. But, viewed in the light of today, our community was "a hick town," and we musicians fitted in perfectly. Members of our band were a nondescript bunch, recruited from various sources. There were men of all ages, sizes, and degrees of musical intelligence, from the clarinet, who boasted of the days when he played a whole season at Nantasket Beach, to others who were just at the start of learning scales, and who never had in all their lives, been fifty miles away from town.

Memory recalls them vividly, as, gathered in the little park on the "Green," they were assembled for an

ders, who wobbled a little as he walked. The slide trombone was a fellow with a very good opinion of himself and of his playing; he had a habit of looking from one side of the street to the other when we were on street duty, being obsessed with the idea that he was the centre of attraction.

The tuba player, who stood six feet six in his stocking feet, was the comedian of the band, a practical joker, always on the alert to put something over on the other members—keeping everybody on edge at all times. Incidentally, he had had experience on the road with a traveling troupe of minstrels, and when the troupe went broke, stranded in a smaller town a few miles up the line, he had wandered within our gates, picked up his trade of painter, and thenceforth became of us, with us, and for us. The man who played tenor was tall and angular. A few years before he had been with a regimental band in the Union Army. He was a semi-invalid, and when he was

not blowing his tenor horn, sold molasses, cheese, salt codfish and plug tobacco in his grocery store. Our bass drummer was a little fellow, a trifle bow-legged, who bore the nickname of "Bolivar." To his credit be it said he knew the bass drum to perfection and had the rare self-restraint to play softly where the score so indicated. But when his part was marked double "FF" he could lay the blows on with all the vim and vigor of the village blacksmith.

Everyone suffers his embarrassing moments—it seems to be a part of life. Mine came one night when the home band had been called to play in our theatre, the occasion being a political rally, at which we were to listen to the eloquence of various and sundry spell-

(Continued on page 66)



NEW YORK MUSIC

(Continued from page 40)

Adele Marcus

ADELE MARCUS, pianist, Naumburg prize-winner, gave what was by all odds (so far as the writer is concerned) the best debut of the season in the Town Hall on Monday evening, February 25. There is hardly a reservation to be made or an exception to be taken to such music-making as that to which she treated her listeners. She is at the outset of her career, and, as one learned afterwards, she arose out of a sickbed to give this recital. If circumstances favor her continued development there seems no limit to the heights to which she has a right to aspire.

She began with a performance of the G major French Suite of Bach which has not often been surpassed in the experience of this reviewer. The gigue of this suite has become almost the personal property of Myra Hess, but Miss Marcus played it with an authority and an understanding quite her own. With various pieces of Brahms she was almost equally successful. There was nothing very compelling about the Liszt Sonata, but there are great pianists who are no more adapted to this work than, perhaps, Miss Marcus. Albeniz, Medtner, Scriabin, Chopin followed, and with all of them Miss Marcus did a workmanlike, and at times a brilliant job. Few prizewinners are able to justify so completely, in public performance, the verdict of the judges. In a day when accomplished pianists grow up like weeds it is a more than pleasant experience to come upon one who gives promise of becoming infinitely more than that.

A. M.

Heifetz and Yehudi

A FORMER violin prodigy and one of today have given recitals within the week. Some seventeen years have passed since Jascha Heifetz, at the age of thirteen and too small in stature to manipulate a full-size fiddle, played Tchaikovsky's Concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in a manner that set his audience agape; and now Yehudi Menuhin, counting twelve birthdays, creates a similar sensation in America. If Yehudi, seventeen years hence, touches the heights on which Mr. Heifetz stands today, his most sanguine supporters should be satisfied, though in that case Yehudi is certain not to be. One of the penalties attached to real achievement is the inner force which drives the achiever on in the hope of exceeding his own success, and the fact that Mr. Heifetz has steadily done this constitutes both an encouragement and a warning to younger performers.

Giving his second recital of season in Carnegie Hall on March 2, Mr. Heifetz appeared as a musician possessing greater riches than were previously his, and as an artist having

the fine conscience to expend such treasure generously. Never before has his playing seemed so provocative, so urgent, so broadly suggestive of a wider horizon than it was formerly his custom to reveal; and under it all there ran a note of splendid gravity, the sobriety which is unknown to smaller minds. No less courtly than of old, Mr. Heifetz was also as brilliant as ever, but his brilliance this day took on an almost defiant tone, as if he would brook no obstacle in a quest for the ultimate answer to all questionings.

With Isidor Achron at the piano, Mr. Heifetz proffered Medtner's Sonata, the Eighth Concerto of Spohr and detached pieces of Lili Boulanger, Elgar, Godowsky and so on.

Yehudi Menuhin, heard in the same hall

A Little Girl Said

*A sign's in the bird-store,
That I always read:
"Hartz Mountain Canaries—
Singing Guaranteed!"*

*Do you suppose
When a bird gets bought
It tries to sing
As well as it ought?*

*Might it pretend
It's no good any more,
So it can return
To its friends in the store?*

*Or would it work till it thinks
Its throat would crack,
So the people won't hate it
And send it back?*

—John V. A. Weaver.

the Sunday evening before, gave more cause for astonishment than for aesthetic pleasure. Grant that his tone, technic and general sensibility are phenomenal, and one must admit that Yehudi has not yet crossed the threshold of a career that promises to be exceptional. As a prodigy he is immensely interesting; as an interpreter he remains a child. His program contained Bach's Second Concerto, the Concerto in F sharp minor by Wieniawski, Beethoven's Romance, an Adagio by Mozart, the "Abodah" of Ernest Bloch and sundry other numbers. Louis Persinger accompanied.

P. K.

Tibbett as "Jonny"

THE fourth performance of Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" was made notable through the first appearance in the name-

part of Lawrence Tibbett. The cast was further strengthened by Dorothee Manski as Anita, although this was Miss Manski's second appearance in the role. Mr. Tibbett not only sang with charm but he infused a delicious negroid roguery into the part which, once is tempted to conjecture, can be adequately done only by an American. It was, all in all, one of the most satisfactory operatic performances Mr. Tibbett has given, and a tribute of admiration is due him for his excellence in a role so different from all the others which he has assumed. Miss Manski presented a vivid and incisive figure, and the scene of Anita's yielding to Daniello was done with grace and charm. The remaining members of the cast were the same as at previous hearings, and included Miss Fleischer and Messrs. Kirchoff and Schorr in the other leading roles. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

J. A. H.

Manhattan Orchestra

THE Manhattan Symphonic Orchestra of New York City chose Wednesday evening, February 27, at Carnegie Hall for its "First Time in New York Symphonic Concert of Czech, Slovak, and Russian Music." The orchestra of about sixty men was gathered from various quarters, partly from the old Symphony; there are hardly enough strings to balance the brasses and woodwinds. The program opened with the Festival Overture "Libussa" which is based on the three chief motives of the opera by Smetana. The first fanfare theme for brasses suggests the worth and dignity of Libussa, an Amazonian ruler of old Bohemia, as a judge, while the second shows her gentler, more feminine attributes. The third theme represents her heroic husband and this is skillfully combined with the Libussa themes. The performance on this occasion did not give us a truly festal mood. Next came three Slovakian Pictures by Emanuel Ondricek, the conductor of the orchestra. These are called "Tatra," "Slovakian Lullaby" (chiefly for strings and bells), and "In a Village—A Dance," where pandemonium broke loose. After the intermission, Ruth Posselt, sister-in-law of Mr. Ondricek, gave a reading of the Tchaikovsky Concerto surprisingly mature for a violinist only fifteen or sixteen years old. The most important feature of the program was the first New York performance of Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Golden Spinning-wheel." Even though the small band was insufficiently rehearsed, their playing showed that the work has real beauty. In mood it is lyrical and exuberant rather than deeply emotional, with an abundance of simple melodies and sprightly rhythms. It would make an acceptable novelty for one of our major orchestras.

A. P. D.

Feodor Chaliapin

ONE CAN no more protest at the rough-shod unscrupulousness of Chaliapin than one can at Niagara. He is, in a way, just as far beyond good and evil. The word giant is for once not misapplied: Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum are weighty words in his vocabulary. And like all giants there seems something a little inflated, something at the same time terribly energetic and terribly indolent about him. These thoughts arise from attendance upon Mr. Chaliapin's Carnegie Hall recital of Feb. 17.

Criticism, in consequence, is beside the point. The main attraction of the performance is not essentially musical, although there is much that is musically striking in it. The Chaliapin voice, even under the stress of a heavy cold, is still an instrument of great beauty and enormous power. But his method, with good songs and bad ones, with lyric and tragic and comic is very much the same. It includes a liberal use of head tones, covered tones, falsetto tones, a complete, declamatory freedom with the rhythm, an emphasizing of the picturesque where it exists and a simulation of it when it does not. Except for things like the Song of the Flea, or the General's Daughter, there is no chance to appreciate (one had almost said recognize) the songs themselves. There are only the extraordinarily effective, if finally monotonous histrionics of Chaliapin.

A. M.

Anna Winitsky

ANNA WINITSKY, announced by the program as "the sixteen-year-old pianist," gave a recital at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12. Her program was: Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Schumann's Fantasia in G-minor, Brahms' first Rhapsody, Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Debussy's Clair de lune and La soirée dans Grenade, MacDowell's Moto perpetuo, and an Nocturne, Etude and A flat Ballade of Chopin.

That Miss Winitsky dared a program of such proportions seems a gesture of defiance and as such it should be treated. The greatest artist would have approached such magnificent music with humility, yet Miss Winitsky with the greatest self-assurance and boldness thought herself equal to the task. Finger dexterity and a powerful tone she undoubtedly has, and very occasionally she can make a lyrical passage sing. But her playing ordinarily was a confused mess of blurred sound. Her fingers had been trained, but she gave no evidence of ever having heard that there is such a thing as style and that a composer usually has some message to give in his composition. Each number presented had less feeling than a Czerny study should have. There was nothing of the

clarity of Bach, the romanticism of Schumann, the grandeur of Brahms, the nobility of Beethoven, the melancholy of Chopin, or of the impressionism of Debussy. The Clair de lune, for example, was never dreamy, was often pounded, and its rhythms were thoroughly distorted. The Beethoven sonata lost all sense of design. Before Miss Winitsky plays again she should attempt to feel some emotional response to her music, and she should get some intellectual conception of what she is about. For, after all, the great composers wrote music, not collections of notes.

A. P. D.



JOSEF LHEVINNE, PIANIST, WHOSE ONLY RECITAL OF THE SEASON, GIVEN RECENTLY, WAS AN OUTSTANDING EVENT.

Silvio Scionti

THE Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, is one of the weightiest paragraphs in Beethoven's musical last will and testament, a document that includes the Mass and the Ninth Symphony as well as several movements from the sonatas bearing opus numbers above 100. As such it is an interpretative task which, ordinarily, only the greatest pianists feel qualified to attempt. Silvio Scionti, who played in the Town Hall on Feb. 14, is hardly one of these, and yet in the conveying of this most otherworldly of Beethoven's messages he was not less successful than some members of the pianistic peerage. Which is to pay him no uncertain tribute.

To travel from this sonata to the "Petit Ane Blanc" of Jacques Ibert is to make a considerable journey, and to effect it with the complete stylistic discrimination which characterized Mr. Scionti's performance of the latter piece is to give proof of a more than ordinary versatility. But, strangely enough, he was less successful in the territory between. There is room for more

delicacy in the B minor Capriccio of Brahms than he gave it, and the "Reflets dans l'Eau" of Debussy needs a more definitely musical and less literary performance than Mr. Scionti and most other pianists find appropriate. He gave about equally good performances of some empty pieces by Rudolph Ganz and Dohnanyi. Even these, however, the authority which he undoubtedly possesses clothed with a sort of specious dignity.

A. M.

Leon Goossens

A CONCERT of exotic flavor was the "intimate recital of oboe music" given at Steinway Hall on the evening of Feb. 5 by Leon Goossens with the assistance of the Philharmonic String Quartet and of his brother, Eugene Goossens, pianist, who is one of the foremost young British composers and at present conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic.

The program began with a three-movement Concerto in C minor for oboe, strings, and piano by Benedetto Marcello, an early eighteenth century composer. The second number was the world première of the Sonata for oboe and piano in D major, Op. 85, by York Bowen, prominent London composer who has produced many light works. The Sonata shows originality in themes and modern harmonies, and a sense of proportion in design; the work is dedicated to Mr. Goossens. The Concerto for oboe and piano by Eugene Goossens was repeated "by request," because of its success last year.

In conclusion came the Quintette for oboe and strings by Arnold Bax, erroneously marked "first time in America." The work has been played in Washington, and music lovers throughout the country have had a chance to become familiar with it on the fine set of records Mr. Goossens and a European quartet made for the National Gramophone Society of Great Britain. The Quintet is in three movements, and is admirably written for the instruments. The "Tempo molto moderato and Allegro" has an atmosphere somewhat oriental, with keen rhythms suggestive of savage dances. The "Lento espressivo" has a breadth which gives the effect of its being played by a large orchestra; in mood and harmony it is churchly. The "Allegro giocoso" has forceful, dance rhythms, with bagpipelike tunes for the oboe.

Mr. Goossens is often referred to as "the arch-priest of the oboe." He gets an astonishing variety of tone color, ranging from the customary plaintive oboe twang to the wheeziness of the bagpipe or to the bright, pure quality of the flute. His phrasing is subtle and sensitive, and his taste in collecting strange music exemplary.

A. P. D.

(Continued on page 58)





LOOKING MID-WEST

WHERE CHICAGO AND CLEVELAND ARE



By Albert Goldberg

ACTIVITIES in Chicago have involved the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Joseph Szigeti's first American performance of Casella's new violin concerto, and Yolando Mero's initial local presentation of her *Capriccio Ungarese*. Frederick Stock, not to be outdone by his soloists, introduced us to the music of Barbara Giuranna and a new opus from the pen of Hermann Hans Wetzler.

The art of writing an effective piece for solo instrument and orchestra seems to have eluded Casella. His concerto has many attractive moments; they are widely separated. Effectiveness, on the other hand, cannot be denied Mme. Mero's work, if by effectiveness one means that which incites applause.

Barbara Giuranna is the wife of Mario Giuranna, an assistant conductor of the Civic Opera. Her "Marionette" and a short suite, "Apina Stolen by the Dwarfs of the Mountain," are distinctly feminine. Concise ideas are put together in concise form, with wit and charm as the principal elements of the formula. Herr Wetzler's piece is a Symphonic Dance in Basque Style, from his opera, "Die Baskische Venus." Iberian ideas were detected, it is true, but they were heavily buried under a thorough-going Teutonic passion for complexity.

Still other soloists appeared on Stock programs. Heinrich Schlusnus scored a rousing success on February 12 by his polished singing of an aria from "Prince Borodin," and songs by Beethoven, Mahler and Schubert. At the "pop" concert of February 14, Liszt's "Triangle" concerto was played by Harold Van Horne, who won the contest held by the Society of American Musicians.

Concert halls have been constantly occupied. The largest audiences were those that came to hear Beniamino Gigli and Sergei Rachmaninoff. The former had not been heard in a Chicago recital before. Our own pick of the music makers was Andres Segovia, new to this hinterland. When Segovia plucks his guitar, we are quite willing to let the rest of the world go by.

And there have been pianists and pianists. Among the best of them was Marguerite Melville Liszniewska. She is scholarly and thoughtful, but she does not overlook the fact that the best music is an emotional expression. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison played together to their unfailing public. Vitaly Schnee, a resident artist, gave a distinguished account of his powers in a program that took the season's award for unhackneyed interest. Andreina Materassi, also of local

residence, although Italian by birth and training, played before the Musicians' Club of Women, and created a deep impression.

Ethel Leginska led the Woman's Symphony Orchestra in the second of three concerts, probably not with the results she



ADELLA PRENTISS HUGHES, MANAGER OF THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA SINCE ITS FOUNDATION.

had hoped for. Marie Bronarzyk, a young coloratura of promising ability, was the soloist.

Henri Temianka, a product of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, made his debut as a violinist to the unanimous approval of the critics. Charlotte Simons, a soprano, likewise can consider her first appearance a success. Emma Cannam, a soprano from Omaha, found admirers in a Kimball Hall recital.

Jacques Gordon and Rudolph Reuter, a violinist and pianist too well known to require identification, combined their talents in a concert that introduced Carl Engel's *Triptych*, a work at least to be respected. Another ensemble event was held by the Pro Arte Quartet.

HENDERSON TO LECTURE

W. J. Henderson, music editor of *The New York Sun*, will give a series of four lectures in the La Forge-Berumen Studios, New York, on Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock, beginning March 11. Each lecture will be illustrated by pupils.

By Margie A. McCleod

TO BE able to think clearly, without prejudice and without emotion, but to be emotional and feminine when such qualities are needed, is the formula outlined by Adella Prentiss Hughes, manager of the Cleveland Orchestra since its foundation ten years ago, for woman's success in the business world.

"I've noticed no antagonism to me as a woman," she says: "In fact, I've been able to put over some things that a man couldn't. It's fine to grow up with an organization. Every year the orchestra is broadening its scope. Last year we gave sixteen concerts for children, and our annual memory and appreciation contests are developing a real musical appreciation in Cleveland. Although few have creative power, we all can learn to appreciate."

Mrs. Hughes' family has a long musical tradition. Its leaning toward music manifested itself as early as 1824, when Benjamin Rouse, her maternal grandfather, organized the Delancy Street Singing Society of New York. Executive ability, too, seems to have run in the family, for during the Civil War Mrs. Hughes' grandmother accomplished notable work as the head of a northern Ohio organization corresponding to the present day Red Cross.

It was at Vassar that Mrs. Hughes gained her first professional experience. Teaching in those days was virtually the only profession open to women, and Adella Prentiss prepared to teach. But her talent for management soon asserted itself, and her college activities included the organization of the first banjo club and direction of the glee club for four years, in addition to singing in the choir. She presented the first concert ever given at Vassar by the combined glee and banjo clubs; and a number of songs composed at her request have become university classics. When, thirty-five years later, she reappeared at Vassar as manager of the Cleveland Orchestra, President McCracken celebrated the event with a dinner.

Mrs. Hughes approached her managerial work better prepared than many of her colleagues, for she is a trained musician. After graduation from Vassar she studied music in Berlin, becoming so proficient a pianist that later she served as accompanist to such artists as Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Fritz Kreisler.

Her first professional effort in the managerial field was a performance of "In a Persian Garden," with David Bispham taking part. She herself did double duty as accompanist and manager. That was thirty years ago.

From 1901 to 1920 she managed a concert series which brought leading artists and symphony orchestras to Cleveland. In

(Continued on page 53)



JOSE MOJICA, AS HIS NAMESAKE IN "CARMEN"



MARION CLAIRE, A PIQUANT NEDDA IN
"PAGLIACCI"

SOME OF THE SEASON'S OPERATIC PERSONALITIES IN CHICAGO



RICHARD BONELLI, AS TONIO IN "PAGLIACCI"



MARIA OLSZEWSKA, AS FRICKA IN "DIE WALKURE"



PERSONALITIES

ACTIVITIES OF ARTISTS FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN



DAN BEDDOE, booked to sing the tenor parts in Bach's Magnificat and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at the Cincinnati May Festival, will spend a major portion of the late spring and early summer in coaching young singers in oratorio. He is a faculty member of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

THE NORFLEET TRIO'S summer camp program will include, in addition to ensemble classes, Dalcroze eurythmics under Mme. Boss-Lasserre of Geneva, dramatics, dancing and singing. Mrs. Addye Y. Hall, director of the Piano Class Institute of New York, will hold her August normal course at the Norfleet Camp. The Camp is situated at Peterboro, N. H., on an estate adjoining the MacDowell Colony.

HERTA HARMON, dramatic soprano, and Victor Schwartz, pianist, assisted Mrs. Edwin Franko Goldman at her recent lecture-recital on "Die Walkure" in Aeolian Hall, New York. Miss Harmon, who is a pupil of Florence De Winter, sang the "Cry" and other portions of the music written for Brunnhilde.

MISCHA GOODMAN will present his pupil Arnold Weiss, fourteen years old, in a violin recital in Steinway Guild Hall, New York, on the afternoon of March 10. The accompanist is to be Harry Anik.

LONNY EPSTEIN, who teaches piano playing at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, will give a recital in the Town Hall on April 1.

ARTHUR BAECHT will present violin pupils in concert on the afternoon of March 10 in the De Witt Clinton High School, New York.

GILBERT ROSS, young American violinist, is now under the management of Beckhard & Macfarlane, Inc.

PHYLLIS KRAEUTER is booked for cello recitals on the following dates: March 12, Marion, Ohio; March 15, Grand Rapids; April 2, Emporia, Kan.

ETHYL HAYDEN, American soprano, will sail for Europe early in April for a concert tour. Her first Continental engagement will be fulfilled in Vienna with the symphony orchestra of that city. She is also booked for appearances in Berlin and London.

THEODOR SALMON, pianist and teacher, formerly of San Francisco, arrived in Honolulu recently to take up residence here.

THE HART HOUSE QUARTET, which has been touring the South, returns east to play in Philadelphia on March 10, and in New York on March 13, 15 and 17.

MARGARET MATZENAUER will make her first appearance in Berlin in several years when she gives a recital there on April 26.



CATHERINE WADE-SMITH, VIOLINIST, IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., WHERE SHE HAS BEEN PLAYING ON TOUR.

PIETRO YON and J. C. Ungerer, organist and choir director of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, announce the following music for performance at Easter: The Allegro from Guilmant's Symphony in D minor, "Haec Dies—Victimal Paschalis," the "Regina Pacis" Mass and "Christ Triumphant" by Yon, and "Terra Tremuit" by Ravanello. A string orchestra will take part.

AURELIO GIORNI'S Rhapsody for piano and wind instruments will have its first performance at the Chamber Music Society's concert in the Plaza Hotel, New York, on March 17. On April 9 and 23 programs in Steinway Hall will be devoted to Mr. Giorni's works, and the New York String Quartet will take part. In the Town Hall, on April 17, the Adesdi Chorus will give Mr. Giorni's six modal quartets for female voices.

THE PHILADELPHIA Chamber String Simfonieta will give a New York concert in the Town Hall on March 26.

THE LITTLE THEATRE OPERA COMPANY of New York and Brooklyn, announces "The Elixir of Love" by Donizetti as its fifth production, first at the Little Theatre in Brooklyn on March 11 and in New York at the Heckscher Theatre on March 18.

MAY MACKIE, teaching in Philadelphia, has been giving weekly talks on current operatic productions, illustrating these with a class of fifty students. Among pupils to accept engagements are: the Arcadians, a male quartet consisting of Carol Urban, Harold Henshaw, Edmund Irvine and Russell Lee; Kay Berger, Mary O'Donnell, Josephine Burella, Patricia Besson.

THE DAYTON WESTMINSTER CHOIR, conducted by John Finley Williamson, will give a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, on March 18. This will be the Choir's last American appearance before sailing on the Leviathan for a tour of Europe.

BENIAMINO GIGLI will give his last New York concert of the season in the Century Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 17, instead of on March 10, as first arranged.

EVERETT MARSHALL, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Erna Rubinstein, violinist, have been engaged for a joint recital in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington on April 2. Their program will follow a dinner given in honor of Vice-President Elect Curtis by Mrs. Karl Klemm.

GRACE LESLIE will sing the contralto solos in Pierne's "St. Francis of Assisi" at Oberlin, Ohio, with the Oberlin Musical Union on March 25. Other western engagements and a possible short tour of the South are also being arranged for Miss Leslie, who is booked to appear at the Halifax Festival on April 8, 9 and 10 before fulfilling other dates in the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

JEANNETTE VREELAND is booked to sing soprano solos in three Bach performances in as many cities. On March 29 she is to take part in the Boston Handel and Haydn Society's production of the "Passion," and will sing in the B Minor Mass with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto on April 17. In the week of May 6 she will be heard in the Magnificat at the Cincinnati Biennial Festival.



NEWS AND NOTES OF MUSIC



FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BREVITIES FROM THE PRESS OF THE DAY

BLOCH MAY CONDUCT HIS AMERICA IN BOWL

Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, America, which won MUSICAL AMERICA'S \$3,000 symphonic prize, may be conducted by its composer in the Hollywood Bowl this summer at a concert consisting entirely of his works.

Twenty conductors from all over the world have applied for Bowl engagements, according to Raymond Brite, manager of the Bowl, who made his first report since his return to Los Angeles from his annual trip east, at a meeting of the music committee. This committee is composed of Abby De Avirett, Andreas de Seguro, Blanche Rogers Lott, Frieda Peycke and Jay Plowe, and acts in an advisory and consulting capacity with Mrs. Leiland Atherton Irish, general chairman, and Mr. Brite, in formulating plans for the season.

Three or four leaders will be booked. Eugene Goossens, a favorite in the west, has been engaged for four weeks. The remaining four weeks will probably be divided between two or three other conductors, depending upon their success in arranging previous contracts. Names mentioned are Bruno Walter, Bernardino Molinari, Enrique Fernandez Arbos of Madrid, Victor de Sabata of Monte Carlo and Vladimir Golschmann of Paris. It is possible that Ottorino Respighi may return to conduct a concert of his compositions.

A list of forty-five soloists and special attractions was gone over by the committee. Ninety-two artists of Southern California registered to appear before the board.

* * *

Julius von Beethoven, last of the descendants of the composer, died recently in the military hospital in Vienna. For a time he was correspondent for English newspapers. During the war he served in the Austrian Army.

* * *

Paul Hindemith has finished a ballet for the Ballets Russes of Serge Diaghileff.

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Gabriele d'Annunzio is writing the libretto of a work for which Ildebrando Pizzetti is to compose the music.

Vaughan Williams has completed an opera on the Falstaff story entitled "The Fat Knight," and is at work on a ballet inspired by Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job.

* * *

Durand et Cie., French publishers, have brought out a new piano score of "Tristan und Isolde," in the celebrated transcription of Hans von Bülow. The hitherto unpublished French translation is by Gustave Samazeuilh, and it is endorsed by Siegfried and Cosima Wagner.

* * *

A celebration of the sixtieth birthday of Albert Roussel is to take place in the Paris Opera on April 25.

* * *

Albert Schweitzer, biographer of Bach, has been given a doctor's degree, *honoris causa*, by the University of Prague.

* * *

Albert Coates's new opera, "Pepys," is to be produced in April in Munich. Soon afterward Mr. Coates will go to Barcelona to conduct three performances of "Boris."

Tchaikovsky's opera, "Pique Dame," had its Dresden premiere recently.

* * *

Included in a recent sale of rare books and manuscripts at the London dealers, Sothebys, was an unpublished ballad opera by C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll). The opera is called "La Guida di Bragia," or, in the vernacular, "Bradshaw's Guide." (The latter is the old reliable timetable of England and the continent.) Says the *London Observer*: "The plot has, indeed, to do with railway travel, and tells of the adventures of various persons—among them a Malapropian lady who insists on having her 'life ensnared,' and the hero of the play, Orlando, one of whose songs opens thus, to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne':

"Should all my luggage be forgot,
And never come to hand,
I'll never quit this fatal spot,
But perish where I stand."

* * *

Honorary membership in the Vienna Society of the Friends of Music, an honor hitherto bestowed on only three musicians, Beethoven, Emil Sauer and Wilhelm Furtwängler, has been conferred on Wilhelm Bachaus.

* * *

According to statistics assembled by the *Courrier Musical* of Paris, that city heard in the season of 1927-28, 1,419 concerts, of which 399 were orchestral; 133 orchestral premieres, ninety-one first auditions of chamber music works, seventy for piano, sixteen for violin accompanied, two for piano and 'cello, thirty for various other instruments and two for chorus.

* * *

Dame Ethel Smyth, English composer, conducted a concert of her own works at the Berlin Philharmonic recently. This is said to be the first time that a woman has conducted the Berlin orchestra.

* * *

Iceland has produced its first opera singer, Pjetur Johnsson, a tenor. He is now singing in Bremen.



IWAN D'ARCHAMBEAU, FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS CELLIST OF THE FLONZALEY QUARTET, WILL APPEAR NEXT WINTER AS SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA AND IN JOINT CONCERTS WITH HAROLD BAUER, PIANIST, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSICAL BUREAU.



THE WIZARDRY OF TOSCANINI AND THE LATEST FROM AMERICA

By Irving Weil

(Continued from page 25)

the universal genius, all things to the whole art. As it is, those extra-musical bases of music, those ideas that have arisen from philosophy, from literature, from painting, to dominate it more or less successively ever since Beethoven angrily ran his pen through the name, "Napoleon Buonaparte" on the flyleaf of the score of the E-flat Symphony and wrote "Eroica" above it (thereby changing nothing)—these ideas in music seem to touch no responsive impulse in Mr. Toscanini.

His Beethoven itself—and it is Beethoven alone that has really shared his active symphonic repertoire with the Italians of all periods—has had its unconvincing levels as well as its heights of perfect beauty. Always, in the consideration of Toscanini's Beethoven it is this, the reservation of something lacking, that one comes back to. It was so again last week with the Second Symphony. The work was full of lyric graciousness, but its dash of innovating and robust spirit was missing. And so with most of the others, in which lurk many things besides music. The C-minor Symphony remains memorable as a piece of minutely clarified euphony, as an impassioned song that never failed to be sung—but beyond that it may also be a sweepingly cumulative hymn of aspiring well-being; the Ninth, which Toscanini has often played, was vivid and wondrous in its own way but, after all, it was only a partly disclosed ode to joy; and the tremendously subjective Seventh, probably as agitatedly human an utterance as Beethoven ever gave voice to, seemed in Toscanini's hands like music unsuccessfully trying to free itself from a musician, however great a one.

Of Bach, Toscanini has never played anything except the prelude, chorale and fugue made over in the image of Abert, which of course is not Bach at all. The great Bach, the Bach whose greatness lies precisely in his emergence above the formulae of classicism, has drawn Toscanini not at all. Mozart and Haydn, however, have evoked the very heart of his powers. Schubert, too, in whom there were no ideas, but only music, has equally engaged the Toscanini genius. We can remember his performance of the "Unfinished" symphony of some three years ago as though it were still singing its tender and unearthly song. The Mozart of the "Haffner" symphony—a Mozart with so little thought in what he was doing whilst he was doing it that he couldn't recognize his own music when he heard it again a few years later—this Mozart Mr. Toscanini now gave an actual classic importance, so simple, so clear, so lovely did it sound from an orchestra that spoke incisively and yet never more gently.

But it was Debussy that presented the Toscanini miracle on its blind side, if one may call it that—the Debussy of "Iberia." Mr. Toscanini had played it here before, but this time his notion about it seemed clearer and more disappointing than ever.

One might expect that it would have confused his impulses, since it obviously is not possessed of the simple external orderliness and discipline of a classic arabesque, nor is it a dramatic evocation of Spain. But nothing confuses Mr. Toscanini's impulses—even when he is wrong he is as energetically clear about it as though he were right, and thereby almost convinces us he is. But, not quite. He played Debussy imperturbably, perfectly as music, yet that very strangely and still very



Drawn by A. Fruhauf

GERTRUDE STEIN, AUTHOR OF "CAPITAL, CAPITALS," SET TO MUSIC BY VIRGIL THOMPSON.

forcibly was not enough; patently so because if this was the way to play Debussy's "Iberia," the piece is third-rate Spanish music written by a Frenchman who knew nothing about it; music inferior to the standardized rhythmic article that already so clutters up the catalogue of authentic Spanish composers.

But this was no part of the Toscanini incantation. As a fact, the great Italian found for the most striking substance of his wizardry, Mr. Respighi's newest orchestral outburst, the "Feste Romane," or "Roman Festivals." Nor was this surprising. For, outside of the opera, what is it in the end, that one inevitably thinks of as Mr. Toscanini's most brilliant orchestral achievement? Is it not this same Italian's "The Pines of Rome"? No one is likely to forget the triumphant dramatic sensation this piece made when Mr. Toscanini first conducted it here three years ago—least of all, apparently, Mr. Respighi himself. For "Roman Festivals" is patently an attempt—and a very successful one, in any case with Mr. Toscanini again holding the composer by the hand—to repeat or even to outdo the startling effectiveness of the earlier symphonic suite.

Respighi, for his purposes, has added everything to the ordinary orchestra he could think of, with the possible exception

of saxophones. He has included, for example, piano and organ and enough percussion instruments to keep ten men busy handling them. He has not even disdained a mandolin. With this enormous apparatus he rears enormous sonorities, mighty dramatic climaxes—huge, crowded, highly colored and tremendously animated sound pictures. Mr. Toscanini seemed to believe in them, soul, body and baton. The music, in a word, is a shameless but clever concoction.

COPLAND AND SESSIONS GIVE NEW MUSIC

It seems peculiarly unfortunate and even somewhat pathetic that so little attention—and that little so casual—should be given to the courageously hopeful project of Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions of introducing new American music to Americans. There is a great deal of babble just now that the difficulties of the American composer in getting a hearing have been quite smoothed out for him, but it is all pretty much babble. It is true that there are several agencies engaged in bringing to performance what native composers are writing but it is equally true that there is no general interest in the matter and that what small interest there is, is curiously skeptical. The attitude still is that if music is American, it can't be much good.

This seems to us to be peculiarly provincial and not even quite intelligent. There is perhaps no good, healthy reason why the contemporary American composer should be specially patted on the back above the foreigner (although every foreigner gets that sort of native encouragement in his own country), but there is equally no particularly plausible reason for pish-tushing the American and throwing one's arms around the necks of the outlanders. We are reminded at the moment of an apt bit of comment that was made to us last Summer in France by an actual foreigner about Americans and American music. It was made by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger to whom, in the last five years or so, a number of young men from the United States have been going in order to learn the business of writing music—so far as it can be learned. "Isn't it strange," she said, "that no one denies the possibility of there being such a thing as great American composers so determinedly and so finally as America does herself." And it was humiliating to be compelled to agree that Americans would indubitably be the last to know they had a great composer when, as, and if they did.

That Messrs. Copland and Sessions, who gave another of their concerts of new American music last week, haven't yet turned up a great American composer shouldn't disturb us and probably doesn't disturb them. Great composers of any nationality aren't being turned up in what one might call profusion anywhere just

OUR MODERNISM UP TO DATE



SIGNOR VIRGIL THOMPSON

now—no more, indeed, than they were at any other time. But there is a pretty high average in ideas and workmanship, and an especially high one in virility, disclosed in much of the American music that the Copland-Sessions programmes have presented.

At the latest of them this was to be noted particularly in a piano sonata by Roy Harris and a sonata for violin and piano by Alexander Lipsky. Mr. Harris is now about thirty and comes of Western pioneer stock. Just now he is living in the village of Juziers, just north of Paris, on a Guggenheim Fellowship, which means that you must really be bent on writing music, otherwise you would turn shipping clerk or drive a truck (something not unknown to Harris) and fare better materially. Nonetheless Harris appears to be satisfied and only hopes that his Fellowship will be renewed. He has recently finished a full-length symphony and is now at work on a quintet for two violins, two cellos and viola, with an unusual treatment of the viola. His piano sonata revealed the distinct lyric gift that he possessed and an assured and convincing manipulation of his material. There was sound development of vigorous basic ideas in it. In a word, it was live music. Harry Cumpson played it skillfully and effectively.

Mr. Lipsky, now about twenty-eight, lives in New York, having come here as a child from Poland. His violin sonata, dedicated to Ruth Breton who played it with the composer at the piano, is couched in an extreme form of the modernist idiom and presents its difficulties to the listener. Nonetheless, one was able to discern that it was really a sonata, that the composer had a genuine grip on what he was doing and was logically following out what was in his mind. Nor was everything only in mind.

Two other works of his concert were a setting by Virgil Thompson for piano

and male quartet of Gertrude Stein's "Capitals, Capitals" and three songs for single voice and piano by Vladimir Dukelsky. We have never been able to regard Miss Stein's writings as anything more than a self-conscious matter whose effect is precisely that of the prattle of a child when it thinks its elders aren't around. It seems to us to do to the art of writing what the moving picture does to the art of the stage—throws the art away and goes back to laborious and primitive first principles. Mr. Thompson simply wrote a chanting recitative for the words and it did them neither good nor harm.

SUMMER COURSE TO BE HELD AT DENVER

The Denver College of Music, which registered students from twenty-three states for its first summer school last July, announces another five weeks' special sessions beginning July 1. Percy Rector Stephens, New York singing authority, will be a guest teacher, and Blanche Dingley-Mathews will conduct a normal course for piano teachers. John C. Wilcox is to conduct a course in vocal pedagogy; and John C. Kendel will present a course in public school music methods. Among the forty faculty members of the College who will teach are Francis Hendriks, piano; Henry Trustman Ginsburg, violin; Elias G. Trustman, 'cello; Karl O. Staps, organ, and S. Ancis, theory. The Denver College of Music was recently elected to full institutional membership in the National Association of Schools of Music.

BOSTON WILL HEAR NEW WAGENAAR SONATA

Bernard Wagenaar's Sonata for violin and piano, which won first place in the competition conducted last year by the Society for the Publication of American Music, will be heard for the first time in Boston on March 21. In response to an invitation from Ary Duffer, Mr. Wagenaar will play the Sonata with him at the second Duffer-Ullian concert in the Women's Republican Club.

AIDS CLEVELAND ART

(Continued from page 48)

1915 Mrs. Hughes organized the Musical Arts Association of Cleveland; and three years later, convinced the time was ripe for an expansion of her efforts, she persuaded this organization to engage Nikolai Sokoloff as leader of the Cleveland Orchestra.

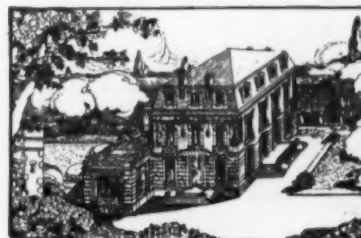
How widely Mrs. Hughes is recognized in her own community was proved in 1927, when, backed by the Cleveland Club, she became a candidate in the nation-wide "pre-eminent business woman contest" of the National Federation of Business Women's Clubs.

IMMIGRANT ART TO BE FESTIVAL FEATURE

Immigrant art pertaining to some twenty nationalities will be represented at the Great West Canadian Folk Song, Folk Dance and Handicraft Festival announced by the Canadian Pacific Railway to be held in the Hotel Saskatchewan in Regina from March 20 to 23. The purpose of the festival is to indicate the value of gifts brought to Canada by these racial groups.

The festival has been organized by John Murray Gibbon of Montreal in co-operation with the Conservatory of Music of Regina College. It has the support of the Saskatchewan Government, whose Premier, J. G. Gardiner, suggested that it be held in Regina this year. While following the general lines of the New Canadian Festival held at Winnipeg last year, the Regina festivities will include representation from British, Irish and French-Canadian elements, in addition to an Indian section arranged by Commissioner Graham of the Department of Indian Affairs. Among the groups listed to participate are "new Canadians" from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Ukraine, Serbia, Rumania, Sweden, Iceland, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Germany. German citizens will be represented by a mixed choir, led by J. W. Ehmann. Soloists will include Poul Bai, Danish baritone; Charles Marchand, French-Canadian folk singer, and Doris Williams, soprano.

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ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS

By Lawrence Gilman

(Continued from page 18)

struction, I would seek after that wisdom which no disillusionment can confute; I would gain a knowledge of God, and through this knowledge I shall obtain a foretaste of celestial felicity." Beethoven himself wrote to the Baroness Drosdzick that he was convinced of the fact that "no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute enquiries and respond to them." A dozen years before his death he exclaimed: "Almighty God, in the woods I am blessed. Happy every one in the woods. Every tree speaks through Thee. O God! What glory in the woodland! On the heights is peace—peace to serve Him." Sir George Grove records a tradition that Beethoven refused to take possession of an engaged lodging because there were no trees near the house. "How is this? Where are your trees?" "We have none."—"Then the house won't do for me. I love a tree more than a man." Charles Neate, the British musician who knew Beethoven, told Thayer, the master's admirable biographer, that Nature was "his (Beethoven's) nourishment."

¹For many years the *Pastoral Symphony* took precedence over the C minor in the numbering of Beethoven's symphonies, the *Pastoral* being called the "Fifth" and the C minor the "Sixth" on concert programs as late as 1820—as we know from the programs of the *Concerts Spirituels* in Vienna of that year (see Hanslick, *Geschichte des Concertwesens in Wien*, p. 189). The two symphonies were worked out together. The C minor, however, was first of the two in order of conception. It was completed in 1807. Both symphonies were published, in parts, in 1809, the C minor in April, the *Pastoral* in May.

²Beethoven was of several minds concerning these inscriptions. They exist in varying forms in the original Ms. of the first violin part of the Symphony; on the back of the title-page of the published first violin part of April, 1809; on the program of the first performance; and in the first published score.

It is extraordinary, in view of Beethoven's passion for natural beauty, that he should have left us, as Sir George remarks, no music exhibiting any avowed connection with Nature but the *Pastoral Symphony*—whatever other pieces "may have been inspired by the country." But Mr. Vincent d'Indy has confidently determined which among Beethoven's other works "tell us of his impressions face to face with Nature." He lists these works as follows: "First of all, according to date, the charming sonata for piano, Op. 28 (entitled 'Pastoral' in some editions).³ This work . . . seems like the avowal to fields and forests of a movement of calm happiness, at the dawn of his love for 'la Damigella Contessa Gioletta di Guicciardi.' Then come the sonatas, Op. 30, No. 3 (for violin), and Op. 31, No. 3 (for piano); the admirable sonata in C major, Op. 53 ('Waldstein'); then three movements out of four in the seventh quartet, and the . . . Seventh and Eighth Symphonies; finally, the superb tenth sonata for violin, Op. 96, in its entirety; without taking account of the rustic dances, the finals of the trios, Op. 70, No. 2, and Op. 97, or the pastoral entr'acte in *Egmont*."

M. d'Indy calls the "Waldstein" Sonata "eminently pastoral"; he regards the Seventh Symphony as "a pastoral symphony pure and simple"; and the Eighth Symphony, he thinks, "evidently retraces impressions received from Nature." In the first movement of the sonata for violin and piano in G major, Op. 96, "one already feels the caresses of a soft breeze." The adagio is "a reverie on a wooded slope which would be a fitting pendant

to that 'on the bank of a brook'." In the scherzo, M. d'Indy, whose second-sight is most enviable, perceives Beethoven "lying in a meadow, or maybe perched in a tree," noting a dance of country folk.

* * *

Into the music of the *Pastoral Symphony* Beethoven poured his delight in the beauty of the world. Back of its charming and ingenious picturing of rural scenes and incidents and encounters—its brookside idyls, its merrymaking and thunderstorms and shepherd's hymns; back of the element of profound emotional speech connoted by Beethoven's slightly self-conscious depreciation about his music being "more an expression of feeling than portraiture"—back of all these more evident aspects, rises the image of a poet transfixed by the immortal spectacle, and recording his awe and tenderness in songs that cannot help being canticles of praise.

How lovely the music is at its best! Did Beethoven ever write anything fresher, more captivating, than the themes of the First Movement—whether or not they are derivations from Styrian and Carinthian folk tunes?⁴ And you will search far in his works before you find anything so simply contrived, yet so delectable, as that modulation from B-flat to D, in the 163d measure, with the entrance of the oboe on A above the F-sharp of the first violins.

* * *

As you listen to this lucid and lovely music, full of sincerity and candor and sweet gravity, you may recall the folk tale of the old man who could always be found at sunrise looking seaward through the dusk of the woods, with his white locks blowing in the wind that rose out of the dawn; and who, being asked why he was not at his prayers, replied: "Every morning like this I take off my hat to the beauty of the world."

³The *Sonata Pastorale*, Op. 23, did not get its name from (Beethoven) or with his consent. It was so-called by a publisher, probably because the last movement recalls the 6-8 sequences, which were formerly supposed to represent the music of shepherds.—George (Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies).

⁴The opening theme of the Symphony (violins, 1st measure) is supposed by some to have been derived from a Slavonic folksong. It bears a striking resemblance to a melody included in F. X. Kuhnac's collection of folk-songs published at Agram in 1878-81.

STRADIVARI HISTORY

(Continued from page 28)

to 1720. Later ones have not quite the same delicacy of tone or quality of varnish. There may be something like 20,000 alleged "Strads" in the world, each bearing a facsimile of the master's label. At the very outside he made a thousand, of which at least half have vanished. The rest are forgeries. But no one can counterfeit Antonio's work to deceive the real expert.

According to the initiated, there is only one instrument in all the world, one they speak of with bated breath, which remains just as it left the master's hands, unaltered and unrepaid, having been played little and with the varnish a dark uniform red—the "Messiah," made in 1716.



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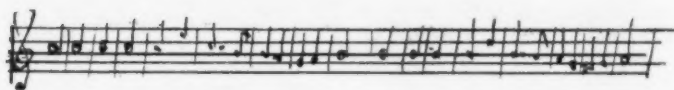
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HITCHING JAZZ TO A STAR

By Hiram Motherwell

(Continued from page 13)



At first hearing it seems but a fragment (and not an especially attractive one) snatched from the middle of some lively song. But as Schubert insists on this or that or the other aspect of its pattern it begins to accumulate epic vigor and at last the gods themselves are marching gloriously to battle beneath its flaming banner.

Is any jazz theme, while preserving the true jazz quality, capable of unfolding such hidden magical beauties? Take, for example, the theme in eighth notes from Gershwin's Rhapsody (I think it could be called the second theme):



Is this theme *symphoniefähig*? I do not know. Gershwin does not know. For in his free rhapsody form he was not attempting true development, but merely effective juxtaposition. My personal guess would be that this theme would prove admirably symphonic; I can pick, off hand, four features in it which tease me out of thought to know their hidden eloquence. And my fumbling imagination can half hear a coda in which an entire world is dancing a new hymn to joy in that complex polyphony of rhythm, song and bodily motion which is the genius of jazz.

I once started to compose a jazz mass. There was no irreverence in the idea. (After all, Liszt composed his "Hungarian Mass" on gypsy fiddlers' tunes and dance rhythms.) Rather, I was fascinated by the intuition that jazz, expressing itself in a dozen of its moods, would generate a religious eloquence far more authentic than the facile pedantry and sentimentality of the conventional masses which are still being derived from the issue of Stainer, Parry, et al. The *Kyrie* would have something of the quality of a spiritual, wailing in ever descending intervals, anticipated cadences being repeated, endlessly repeated as the harmony deepened, over the changeless *largo* pulse of the underlying rhythm, until a whole nation had joined in the prayer for mercy. The *Gloria* would be simple in the extreme—chiefly an *allegro molto*—made of that tireless insistence on the first beat of the measure (perhaps derived from the negroes' religious orgies) which jazz can do with such conviction; the episodes would be intoned by bass or tenor against antiphonal responses of the *gloria* theme by the sopranos. The *Credo*, *allegro moderato*, would have that robust conviction, far removed from cloistered piety, that kind of physical joy and certainty, which some great dance-tunes have; its tragic episodes would not be set apart,

but proclaimed with a kind of vengeful intensity over the continuous *pianissimo* repetition of the rhythmic *credo* theme in the bass. The *Benedictus*, my favorite, would be almost a lullaby, the steady throb of syncopation being more felt than heard; the gentle tune, a tear of gratitude in its eyes, pulsating ever between major and minor.

You need not take this seriously if you don't want to. It is only my whim. It is not of any importance until some capable composer thinks it is.

Gershwin's larger jazz pieces, the "Rhapsody" and the "American," are to

me wholly charming, but I think they have not yet proved that jazz contains the germs of elaborate development. They have only suggested that this is not impossible. Yet as Abbe Niles, who is unfailingly right in his judgment on popular music, points out, the "American" shows

considerable developmental flexibility.

"Jonny Spielt Auf" is only in a superficial sense a jazz opera; its style is foreign and even its specific jazz episodes are but Bohemian echoes of Broadway dance-halls. There is no objection to that, if the music is interesting (as it is). But the jazz opera which I should write if I could would be unmistakably jazz in feeling; it would be as palpably authentic in its mode of expression as "Boris Godunoff" is in its.

But all these speculations as to the possibility of using jazz in the larger forms are of no importance. What we say or think about the matter will not affect the result, or the desirability of the result, one way or the other. No one, I believe, has the right to assert that jazz cannot say more to us than it has already said. But whether it will or will not depends not on anybody's opinion. It depends on one other trifling detail:

If a genius turns up and feels he must do the job, we shall have splendid symphonies and operas in the jazz idiom. If he doesn't, we shan't.

SING IN HONOLULU

The Royal Russian Choir, directed by Princess Margaret Agreneva Slaviansky, completed its Honolulu engagement in the Hawaii Theatre with an operetta, A Russian Wedding. This ensemble, comprising twenty-six singers and dancers, was well received in Honolulu, appearing before capacity houses for a week.

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LUCILE LAWRENCE gave beautiful solo numbers.—*The Messenger*, Dec. 11, 1928, *Owensboro, Ky.*

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PIZZETTI'S IDEALS IN FLOWER

By Dorothy Crowthers

(Continued from page 23)

poem that the author was urged to have it produced without music, to which he naturally would not agree. This opera proved to be the flower of Pizzetti's highest ideals of music drama—"that every word and action should be enhanced and made more significant by the music and the music itself should reveal the depths of the human soul."

"In my study of 'Fra Gherardo,' I have found this latest opera is still another step forward. In it, as in 'Debora,' is found a practical application of his esthetic theories. The orchestra is subservient to the voice, but the voice is merely an instrument to convey the text. In short, the words are more important than the music. Since the text must therefore be revealing, clarity of enunciation is demanded of the interpreter.

"And the words" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "There are enough in one act to make an entire opera of the Puccini style. There are over 500 pages in the vocal score. This, of course, tremendously increases the strain on the memory, and yet, curiously enough, at a rehearsal, I found myself singing a whole act without referring to the score, although I had never consciously memorized it. This is attributable to the perfection of the word-setting, which is as natural as speech. Notwithstanding the declamatory method of writing through most of the opera, there are moments of great lyricism."

Mr. Johnson indicated intricate portions of the score which showed now the old flowing melodic line has been supplanted by a complete independence of the vocal and instrumental parts, except as the former completes the harmonic structure of the whole. Instead of an aria with orchestral accompaniment there is now the dramatic recitative involving sevenths, ninths and other dissonant intervals; and as for the rhythm, it is so molded in "Fra Gherardo" to fit the significance and accentuation of the words that no consistency of design can be adhered to.

"I have never before found it necessary to mark a score thus," said Mr. Johnson, touching pencil marks made to aid in grouping the continually varying subdivisions of the beats. "The score is also perilous in pitch and *tessitura*. It forces an artist to develop an acute ear in listening to the instruments, one of which is sure to be helpful in obtaining the required tone. In one place where Gherardo, infuriated, says, 'I'll plant my knife in the first who takes a step,' the composer has pitched the voice a semi-tone above the instrumental part, giving a startling, sharp-edged effect; in the third act, when Gherardo cries in anguish, 'Of what woman do you speak?' the words are written entirely out of the key used in the instrumentation, making the vocal utterance sound intensely agonized. Pizzetti

is never at a loss to drive home his purpose."

"Instead of the classical themes which have heretofore been his favorite subjects, Pizzetti has reverted to his native Parma and its medieval history. He has taken his material for 'Fra Gherardo' from the religious and social conflicts of the thirteenth century, adding what is vital to an emotional drama, the figure of a woman. This part will be taken by Marie Mueller.

Pizzetti's music reflects his innately religious trend of thought by its frequent employment of liturgical modes, which contributes in no small degree to the appropriate atmosphere of "Fra Gherardo." As a youthful musician at the Conservatory in Parma, he received his first instruction in Gregorian Chant and, deeply interested in the subject, traced it to its source in the music of the Greeks. His first experiments in composition were in choral numbers, and the enrichment of his music gained through study of the ancient modalities is apparent.

"The music is full of surprises. Pizzetti never fails to avoid the commonplace," Mr. Johnson explained, singing, to demonstrate his point, phrases which end in unexpected modulations. "The score is distinctly modern, yet it often mirrors the classics. There are parts not unlike Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and at a rehearsal, Mr. Gatti, who was listening, remarked the similarity to Monteverdi's style."

Themes are used with much freedom, without elaborate development. Pizzetti's orchestra is less predominant than Wagner's, though he exhibits great skill in orchestration.

Mr. Johnson emphasized the fact that the soul of the opera's emotional content is in the orchestra. "The last act of Fra Gherardo is both musically and dramatically the strongest," he said. "The brief orchestral prelude to this scene is vividly expressive. From behind the curtain moaning voices are heard in poignant chromatic progressions considered worthy of 'Tristan.' It is a magnificent preparation for the swift and incisive dramatic climax of the work. In moments such as this, Ildebrando Pizzetti rises to the sublimity of his powers."

PLAY STRUBE WORKS

Compositions by Gustav Strube, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, have been featured at Peabody concerts in that city.

Sylvia Lent, violinist, who was the artist at the Peabody Institute, recently, gave Mr. Strube's difficult violin sonata with John Crouch at the piano. Attention given to works by Chausson, Boulanger, Ravel, Arthur Hartmann and the violinists' father, the late Ernest Lent, made this program stand out with fresh interest.

DE WOLF HOPPER TALKS ABOUT MUSIC

(Continued from page 31)

piest recollections of the days of *Wang*, and of Koko in *The Mikado*, and of *Pan-jandrum* with Della Fox—I liked best of all doing Bunthorne, in *Patience*. I adore his conceit, his smug, smirky hypocrisy; debased cuss as he is, I positively love Bunthorne! Through a curious change in public taste, though, *Patience* can't be given any more. All the satirical jibes at aestheticism—so wittily delineated by that master, Gilbert—fall flat. People don't know what aestheticism means any more. The gestures of the sweeping hand, the flowing locks, the lily and the drooping glances are mistaken today for some particularly obnoxious form of perverted effeminacy. The grim predilection for pathological analysis has taken all the fun out of *Patience*. More's the pity!"

FINALLY, Mr. Hopper offered a word of advice to such aspirants to glory whose fields of activity, like his own, combine music and acting. "One of the biggest mistakes a beginner can make about the stage," he says, "is to swallow all the bunkum one hears about 'losing one's self in one's art,' becoming a character so completely that one has to be roused out of it after each performance; suffering fatigue after each appearance, because of those delicate sensibilities that carry one out of one's self. That is plain unvarnished unadulterated rot. Anyone who talks it is either a *poseur* or the politest synonym for a liar. Acting isn't a spasm. It's a great and calculated art. The way to act a role is to study it; to study mentally, reasonably, logically every tone, every gesture, every inflection such a person would be capable of. Then go ahead and present it. But always, in the midst of his wildest emotion-delineations, the real actor is calm within, has himself under perfect control, knows exactly what he is doing, and what he is going to do, down to the size of the arc his arm is going to sweep. Good acting is intense study and intense calculation to produce a desired effect. Nobody yet created a living, breathing person by dwelling on his own artistic sensibilities and waiting for an inspiration. Once you begin being 'carried away by your own emotions,' you've lost your scene. It's a pity that for some reason of fashion, people will talk that way—that they get carried away, that they can't tell beforehand how they are going to play a character. Believe me, it isn't so. If an actor doesn't know beforehand how he's going to play a thoughtfully conceived character, it won't be long before the management gets hold of someone who does. That is why the greatest asset to the aspirant for thespian honors is not beauty nor temperament nor a facility for getting inspirations, but keenness to people, their characteristics and reactions; a capacity for intense study; and absolute sincerity."

March 10, 1929

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(Continued from page 47)

Harold Bauer

THE impression one retains of Harold Bauer's recital in the Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 2, is of Mr. Bauer at his superb best, playing the "Children's Corner" of Debussy with a delicacy, a distinction, a humor in which he has few peers. If ever Mr. Bauer has played perfectly it was in that last half hour, when, entirely apart from the irresistible extra-musical comicalities in which he indulged, he came as near to a complete realization of the possibilities of that delectable music as he or anyone else is ever likely to.

These little vaudeville tricks are things that probably no one but Mr. Bauer could get away with, certainly no one so successfully. His hesitant, schoolgirl finger approach, his tongue thoughtfully in check, his careful searching for the pedal were first class comedy. With them all, however, he never forgot the music for an instant, or allowed the byplay and business to affect its smooth and perfect course.

For the more serious music of the afternoon Mr. Bauer had been in less brilliant form. He was inclined to an excessive use of that delicate and singing pianissimo of which he is justly proud, since it has hardly any equal. All afternoon, however, he avoided as often as he could anything approaching a really loud tone. When, as in the first movement of the Brahms Sonata in F minor, he could not avoid something above a mezzo-forte, he was not especially successful in producing a tone of much body. It was distinctly of the steel variety and had not much carrying power.

But there would be no point in dwelling on the various items of the earlier afternoon. Except for the slow and contemplative movements they were distinctly below Mr. Bauer's best average. It is said that the playing of the left hand part before that of the right hand is a matter of conviction with Mr. Bauer, who believes that it lends emphasis to his playing. After listening to a whole afternoon of it one can only record one's very emphatic dissent; it is a disturbing element.

But the "Children's Corner" was clearly in the focus of Mr. Bauer's attention as it should be in ours, and he gave it a performance that will live and add lustre to itself as the years increase until there will be no words to describe it to one's grandchildren,—who will, in any case, consider it just another fantastic reminiscence of a doddering musician. A. M.

Sunday Salon

THE FOURTH Sunday Salon concert of the New York Chamber Music Society, who give the most luxuriously com-

fortable concerts of the New York season, occurred at The Plaza on Feb. 17. This musicianly organization guided by Carolyn Beebe presented a program which included the first New York performance of the Serenata by Alfredo Casella which recently won the prize offered by the Philadelphia Music Fund Society. This work in six movements of varied interest is scored with delicate precision for clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, violin and cello—orchestral coloring at once arresting and brilliantly hued. Its tonality is bizarre but yet melodic and pictures in engaging fashion vivid modernistic Italy. Casella has created a work which says a great deal for a small ensemble and it was beautifully interpreted. The rest of the program included the Mozart Quartet in F Major, the Rimsky-Korsakoff Quintet in B Flat and Bernardi Sekles Suite in E Flat Major, all of which were superbly performed and caused the spontaneous appreciation of a very large audience composed of the most of prominent artistic New York.

H. J.

Alton Jones

ALL talents, we are often reminded, are created unequal, and not alone unequal to each other. Alton Jones is a striking example of a first-class musical talent which on one side remains deplorably undeveloped. That side is the perception and the production of tone and color differences. In every other way, Mr. Jones's playing is distinguished, vital, thoughtful, spontaneous, in short, almost everything that it should be.

These animadversions are occasioned by his recital in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, February 13, when he played a program consisting of much good music and two meaningless pieces of the eminent Ernst von Dohnanyi. He is an extremely catholic and eclectic musician, and his playing was as well suited to a Schubert Impromptu and the Schuman G minor Sonata as to the Toccata from the Tombeau de Couperin of Ravel, which is to say very well indeed. In the latter work, Mr. Jones, like too many of those to whom the letter of Ravel is crystal clear but the spirit still just a little foreign, was inclined to be too inflexible. The Toccata is subtle and understood but by no means unfelt. The sonata had performance quite worthy of its moving beauty. Brahms did not always fare so well; Mr. Jones was inclined to be a little too nervous and finicky. He lacked the necessary leisure.

It is a considerable feather in the cap of Mr. Jones's virtues that they triumph over so sizable an obstacle as he presents them with in the shape of a monotonous, wooden, unlovely tone. Mr. Jones, per-

haps, is too occupied with the essence of music to worry about its apparel, but he prevents the listener, by this lofty neglect of sensuous considerations, from sharing his undisturbed contemplation of the masterpieces. The neglect of externals is not so common a fault that one can work up any very heated indignation over it. But neither is it so small a matter that it can be overlooked.

A. M.

DePackh Symphonic Ensemble

THE Depackh Symphonic Ensemble, a small orchestra of about thirty pieces, gave the first of a series of subscription concerts at the Jolson Theatre on Sunday evening, Feb. 10. The program opened with the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," played with its original instrumentation. The second offering was an unnecessary arrangement for string quartet and orchestra by Mr. DePackh of Beethoven's String Quartet in F-minor, Op. 95. The quartet of string players was composed of Oscar Wasserberger, Sebastian Unglada, Leopold Alberti, and Morris Stonzek.

The second half of the concert was more interesting, because it introduced recent works. Goossens' suite, "Kaleidoscope," found much favor in Mr. DePackh's orchestral dress. The suite depicts in twelve short scenes one day in the life of a child. It has a genuinely childlike naiveté, with whimsical, piquant humor. The Punch and Judy Show, A Ghost Story, and The Old Musical Box had to be repeated. Miss Esther Dale then sang, to orchestral accompaniments, three songs Mr. DePackh has composed to some of Laurence Hope's Indian Love Lyrics. Valgou-vind's Boat Song is a restful barcarolle, delicately scored, The Aloe a lyric, and the First Song of Zahir-U-Din brings in interesting contrasts in mood. All three songs are vocal because their rhythm is attuned to the rhythm of the text. As an encore, Miss Dale, an ever gracious singer, added a German lullaby.

The concluding number was the premiere performance of William Spielter's Mi-Carême, a symphonic episode introducing grotesque characters and revels in a festival preceding the Mardi Gras.

Maurice DePackh, a member of the Esterhazy family that befriended Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven, has in his organization many men of central European extraction. He has drilled them well, and if he continues to select programs such as this one his further concerts should prove interesting to those who like out of the ordinary music.

A. P. D.



THE SOVIET BALLET

(Continued from page 15)

audiences of today, made up mostly of communistic onlookers, prefer the heroic trait to the sensuous romantic ballets of the past. The Russian audiences hate the sex display in the way it is advertised on Broadway, and they do not care for the conventional ballet of the stereotype style of bare-legged girls. Therefore, the only way left was the turn to heroic adventures and kinetic episodes of contemporary life. In this Gliere chose a picturesque oriental theme for his Red Poppy, which has been performed more than a hundred times in Moscow, a record-breaking precedent in the ballet.

Although Prokofiev's and Stravinsky's ballets have had considerable success among the modern works on the Russian stage, yet they have had only a limited intellectual appeal to a comparatively small number of musical elite. Besides, they are compositions calculated for small ballets like Diaghileff's and lack the glamor of grandeur and the sweep of plastic power in which Gliere's Red Poppy excels. The peculiar novelty of Gliere's new ballet is its delightful symphonic score, reminiscent of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tchaikovsky in its harmonization, although strikingly individual with outspoken popular appeal in its melodic line.

The new Soviet ballet will be undoubtedly a great novelty for the outside world by displaying speechless plastic plays in the spirit of the contemporary art of dancing, as we will see in it not one but a dozen rivals of Kreutzberg, La Argentina, Pavlova, Nijinsky and Karsavina. It will have a far more universal appeal abroad than any other Russian dramatic ventures, because, aside from its plastic magnitude and artistic novelty, it has a spectacular popular appeal. There is no difficulty of language or traditional knowledge, as in the case of the grand opera or the drama.

The Diaghileff and Pavlova ballets, in comparison with this, are mere fractions with a few excellent stars, with miserable ensembles and no choreographic sweep. When over a year ago, I saw the Diaghileff dancers in Paris, after having seen the Russian Grand Ballet in Moscow, I found them poor dabblers with no comparison to the other. The very atmosphere of the Moscow or Leningrad Grand Ballet was suggestive of that superb musico-plastic beauty of which Emerson once said to Thoreau, after he had seen the dancing of Fanny Elssler: "I have seen the glory of God!"

The Grand Ballet Russe expects to open the performances in New York in September and visit Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, and stay in America about four months. Reinhold Gliere, accompanying the ballet, will perform and conduct his lately finished symphonic poem, "The Cossacks," and if possible some of his previous symphonic works, some of which were introduced to American audiences by Modest Altschuler and Ossip Gabrilovich.

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CHALIAPIN SPEAKS

(Continued from page 29)

"Oh, yes. I have learnt a great deal from sculpture. The importance of posture, the expression of the limbs." (I recalled the remark of a man who sat behind me at one of Chaliapin's concerts in colossal Albert Hall in London.

"Watch the expression of Chaliapin's knees!" he had joked, and yet it was not a joke, for every inch of the singer is made to help express the song). "It is very useful in forming my conception of the physical appearance of a character, especially if the role be an abstract one. Yes! For the real, full art of opera one requires all the other arts; they each are separate and yet part of it, as the fingers are part of the hand. But that is only now—after Moussorgsky. Before him, opera required nothing but pretty combinations of sounds, pleasing scenery. It was made only for the eye and for the ear. But Moussorgsky—he changed it into a real, living expression of genuine human feeling and experience—the fullest record of a feeling soul. Has anybody yet made an advance upon that change?

"Before him, the opera singer could not be an actor. To sing Moussorgsky, he must be one. He must not even be an interpreter, a third person to the composer and the librettist. He must be a new self, created to think and feel in such a way that in order to express himself he must employ the words and music prepared for him.

"This must be done, because no words that were ever written can alone express a full meaning. They can only make specific what is expressed in the face and voice of the actor, and by his gestures.

"Yes—some day America will be the home of all the arts. You will have your own national theatre, a true civic theatre, not civic merely in name, but subsidized by the government, supported by the public. You will have a bureau of fine arts, with special committees for music, for painting, for architecture, and so forth. Then America will have the masterpieces of the old world and the new."

I mentioned the portrait of Mr. Chaliapin which his son Boris has painted of him—a study which is idealized only enough to be a touching comment on the boy's admiration for his great father; it is bringing the young fellow his first un-inherited attention. And when I spoke of it, Chaliapin the artist melted into the proud father; he was back in the arm-chair, dreamy, amiable, chatting of his son's talent, and telling me—punctuated with half-apologetic little smiles—that the boy is also a talented sculptor, especially in wood, that he is only twenty-three, and that he also sings, but, Mr. Chaliapin slyly added, "for himself, only."

Actually, his fifty-six years (it was his birthday a month ago) have taken very little from Chaliapin. His hair is still pale yellow; his figure is straight and lithe, his voice fresh, his vitality compelling.

BOSTON BATTLES — OLD AND NEW

(Continued from page 17)

path nor cost one longing, lingering look behind. Illustrious ladies paced portentously down the aisles and through the doors of Symphony Hall as the performance of "objectionable" pieces was about to begin; but the conductor merely waited politely until they had taken their departure. More vehement souls laid violent hands upon the arms of reviewers, encountered in the intermissions, and hissed in their ears: "Do you call that music?" Sensitive and usually elderly gentlemen profess themselves "personally insulted" by this or that piece, though conductor and composer were unaware of their aggrieved existence. There were remonstrances to the Trustees, which were courteously acknowledged. There were also letters to the conductor, not always copybook examples of the poised mind in urbane expression. Where pens hesitated, tongues wagged—irresponsibly.

ABOVE all, the peace of the Symphony Concerts was persistently disturbed; whereas, in comparison, Muck and Monteux had only occasionally vexed it. The eminent citizen of the Gericke "Testimonial" could not plausibly have repeated his speech. Few were soothed; almost none listened in the happy inertia of the closed mind by routine padlocked. Twice weekly, on intermittent Monday evenings and Tuesday afternoons to boot, Symphony Hall became a seat of mental alertness, emotional ferment, manifold sensations, kindling pleasures—even the pleasure of discovery. For the first time in many a year pieces and performances ruffled tea-hours, agitated dinner-tables; divided families, alienated disputatious friends. "And what can you say for that?" asked the guardian of the temple after he had heard, say, Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra. "Much," answered the young invader on the steps. Forthwith, argumentatively, they clinched. For youth, after long absence, had come trooping back to the Symphony Concerts, eager for what Koussevitzky set before it, proclaiming its satisfaction, even making the long nose of joy at its elders and, as they believe in Boston, its betters.

Like most men and women, Bostonians live in a self-centered community. The daily routine, the local, the domestic, interest press close upon them. Humanly enough, they "count their blessings while they may"; tell them over, perhaps quite as often as need be; tend to be self-contented, even smug, as they contemplate them. Upon as many of them as frequented four series of Symphony Concerts—making high and low a cross-section of this urban life—Koussevitzky was opening new doors. In that singular simplicity and honesty of mind, which are his underlying traits, he practiced a world-embracing art finding good or less good wherever he encountered it, even in this our time. Ambition and curiosity whipped him forward. He became apostle of change, antidote to a narrow content; monitor of

the open and restless mind. By the art he served, and beyond it, he was goad to full, far-reaching life, breaking over local bounds. He was not only illustrious conductor; he was impetus to mental expansions and spiritual salvations. For the first time Boston knew a musician as unconscious social force.

So it went until upon a day a benevolent merchant who had paid \$32,000 annually into the treasury of the Symphony Orchestra in order to broadcast its concerts and his coffee, decided that the game was not worth the candle. Simultaneously, there were increases in salaries on the self-evident principle, not too rapidly recognized in Boston, that even the orchestral laborer is worthy of his hire and that eminent conductors are not easily to be bought, either *en gros* as guests or *en detail* as lasting eminences. Consequently the current deficit in operating expenses has risen by \$47,000 and the Trustees have made as urgent an appeal as their sense of dignity and reason permits, to the supporting public. (Boston is no mid-western city; to it \$47,000 is a round sum.) They contemplate the situation with no needless alarms. Though there is no Major Higginson, the town is by no means bare of lesser Meacenas.

Forthwith, though from a small and elderly circle the anti-Koussevitzkian outcry rises again. Behold and see what this friend of living composers, this champion of modernists, this patron of youth, has despitefully done to "our orchestra." It merely happens that he has regained its place and restored its prestige. Ponder what has befallen "our concerts" at his hands, and again it merely happens that never before were they so well attended, highly regarded, assured in quality for the future. The old, foolish, ten-times-refuted legends go about; racial prejudice unmasks its leer. There are pressures and counter pressures. Again, under the surface, the battle for orchestral freedom and vitality is renewed in Boston. And once upon a time the forefathers of these "conservatives" craved liberty and fought for independence.

GOLDMAN CONCERTS TO BEGIN IN JUNE

Seventy Goldman Band concerts, given outdoors in New York during a period of ten weeks, will begin on June 10. Programs conducted by Edwin Franko Goldman are scheduled for the Mall in Central Park on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings the concerts will be given on the campus of New York University.


The cost of these concerts to the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim and Mr. and Mrs. Murry Guggenheim, is estimated at nearly \$100,000 a season. The coming season will be the twelfth.

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SMOKE BOMBS AND PUGILISM

(Continued from page 28)

terest; for the major part she has shown unique initiative in sponsoring new or unfamiliar works which, in the usual rapid course of our progress, might otherwise have awaited hearing until the conventional period of twenty years had passed! Her Wigmore Hall concert this week was typical in its good fare, both classic and contemporary. One item made it memorable, even in such a record as hers. That was the exquisite sonata for flute and harp by Arnold Bax, played for the first time, in which Korchinska was joined by Constantine Kony. That glamorous sense of filigree tracery which has inspired the Celtic imagination since the early mediaeval times of the famous Book of Kells—indeed, as far back as one can trace Celtic decorative art—has here found tonal expression. The flute part weaves delicate tints of color, with an exquisite sense of ethereal moods.

Obituary

EMMA R. STEINER

Emma R. Steiner, reported to the only woman opera conductor in the United States, died at her home in the Bronx, New York, in her seventy-fourth year. Her death is believed to have at least partly due to worry incidental to the establishment of the Steiner Home for Aged and Infirm Musicians at Bay Shore, L. I. To this project she had devoted herself for the last four years. Although aided by two benefit concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1925 and by Mrs. Oliver Harriman and others, Mrs. Steiner had found her task difficult to complete.

Mrs. Steiner wrote operas, ballets and solos for tenor voices and for the oboe. She spent a season with Heinrich Conreid before he joined the Metropolitan, and directed the Anton Seidl Orchestra as assistant to Edward E. Ricke with "Iolanthe."

MARY CUMMINGS

Mary Cummings, a niece of Stephen Collins Foster and a teacher of music, is dead at the age of sixty-four. Miss Cummings, a lifelong resident of Pittsburgh, was a daughter of the late Dr. F. F. Cummings of Lewistown, Pa., and a granddaughter of Dr. A. N. McDowell of Pittsburgh.

W. E. B.

JOHN KELLER

John Keller, for many years a noted drum major in army bands and a leader in army musical organizations, died in Washington on February 23 in his seventy-first year. Mr. Keller had been in the service for nearly forty years.

A. T. M.

HONOR WAITS ON PAUL DUKAS

(Continued from page 20)

came to his own. It was "L'Apprenti Sorcier"—a work vibrant with the fire and glitter of genius. Who could doubt any more? Paul Dukas at once joined the meagre caravan of great French composers. All his contemporaries did him homage.

But it is in the field of opera that Dukas is, probably, most significant. He has a strange genius for pliantly adapting words to music and music to words. Certainly, "Ariane et Barbe"—words by Maurice Maeterlinck—stands on one of the highest peaks in operatic music since Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." Dramatically, it is powerful, surging, onrushing; musically it is eloquent. The theme is treated with dexterous ability by Maeterlinck, and all his ingenuity finds a counterpart in the music. This opera, I think, is the highest point of Dukas' life work.

But because he is so honest with himself and with music, because he will never permit himself to utilize sham for the sake of publicity, because he is a veritable study in musical sincerity, Paul Dukas remains a lesser known composer. Lime-light neon shines upon him. He is seldom heard of except by those who know music well. Dukas is a musician, not a prima-donna; and as such he is fated for a life of reticence. He is too sincere, too much in love with composing and with music to write anything but what is in his heart; he detests musical affection and superimposed, artificial intellectualism with a burning hatred. He composes neither for posterity nor for the present. He writes because he loves composing. Probably, if he had wished, he could have been as popular and as flamboyantly talked about as any of his many *confreres*. He, too, might have composed weird music of the future—with its twists and bends, with its shrieking sounds and sensations—but he is not an experimenter, he is not a poser nor a lover of publicity. He worships Beethoven with the reverence of one great man for another; Bach is still to him an endless reservoir of inspiration. And César Franck—unassuming, simple, devout César Franck—he loves.

It is not surprising, then, that Paul Dukas has been chosen for the all-important position at the Paris Conservatory. He deserves it. The officials of the Conservatory realized this when they first offered it to him. The composers of France corroborated this opinion when they humbly bowed before their master. It is needless and futile to prophecy how fruitful will be Paul Dukas' career in the future. His beautiful sincerity, his honesty, his unequalled love for music make any prophecy sound like a tawdry platitude.

The New England Conservatory of Music in Boston gave a demonstration of student conducting at a concert directed by Francis Findlay, head of the public school music department, in Jordan Hall.

RODZINSKI CONDUCTS IN ROCHESTER

It was arranged by Eugene Goossens that his place as conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra should be filled, during a brief absence on his part, by Artur Rodzinski, assistant leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra. This guest engagement was fulfilled at the Rochester Orchestra's seventh matinee in the Eastman Theatre on Jan. 25, and resulted in a concert that gave much satisfaction.

Dr. Rodzinski wisely chose a program that did not tax the orchestra too greatly, thereby enabling him to impress his own personality upon it to an interesting extent. He attained some surprising *pianissimo* effects, especially in the accompaniment to Chopin's Piano Concerto in E minor, and his interpretation of the Tannhauser Overture was superlatively fine. Cesar Franck's Symphony, not heard in Rochester since the Philadelphia Orchestra played it at Convention Hall some years ago, was read with fine appreciation of its beauty.

Henrietta Schuman was the soloist. She is a graduate of the Eastman School, now pursuing her studies in New York, and her success was emphatic.

M. E. W.

POLYHMNIA TO GIVE PARIS CONCERT

The first concert of the International Polyhmnia, a new society founded by Lazare Saminsky, is to be given in Paris on May 9, with Mr. Saminsky conducting the Straram Orchestra.

The purpose of the International Polyhmnia, which has headquarters in New York and branches in Paris and in Berlin, is to establish the work of "worthy lesser-known living composers of America and Europe." The organization's activity is directed toward performance of orchestral works in major cities of both continents, and toward placing scores with publishers.

The program Mr. Saminsky has been asked to conduct in Rome in April for the Santa Cecilia-Augusteo concerts will include an overture by Karol Rathaus, "Salome" by Alexander Krein, Henry Cowell's Irish Suite, Gniessin's "Page Aliskan," music by Ernest Bloch, and his own prelude to an opera-ballet, "Jephtha's Daughter."

MAINE CARRIES ON

Following the annual meeting of stockholders of the Eastern Maine Musical Association, held in Bangor, it was announced that plans would immediately be made for the annual May Festival. Officers were re-elected as follows: Clarence C. Stetson, president; Louis C. Stearns, vice-president; Wilfrid A. Hennessy, secretary; Sarah P. Emery, treasurer; Frank R. Atwood, Wilfrid A. Finnegan, Harry W. Libbey, William McSawyer, Louis C. Stearns, Clarence C. Stetson, executive committee. Adelbert Wells Sprague, conductor.

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MR. SCOTTI'S PRIVATE LIFE

(Continued from page 21)

"Nothing below here. Everything above." and he marvelously ballooned his ribs as I have only seen Galli-Curci do it. "You press the breath from the sides and the back—so. Put your hands here on my sides. 'Whish! Pouf! Whish! Pouf!'" His bellows was like flexible steel. As an actor he thinks the enunciation must be "all forward" and thrown off with elegance and purity.

Caruso, too, was a great student of these things. He was forever running down to Scotti's room to show him a new idea of the voice or calling him up to look at a new song. "Toto, Toto! Come up quick!" They lived on two floors, in corresponding rooms, of the same New York hotel for eighteen years, inseparable—not friends, but brothers. "Even now," said Scotti sadly, "I can scarcely sing, without tears, some of the operas in which we sang so long together. Caruso was the kindest and gentlest of men, and as sweet-natured as a child."

Scotti's first engagement was at Malta, where he received 750 lira a month for his services. No great amount, but the experience was invaluable. Next came an offer to sing in a small but ultra-exclusive Italian opera house near Rome for only 325 lira a month. With characteristic shrewdness—Scotti is a Neapolitan, remember—he accepted. When the short engagement was finished, Scotti had in his pocket contracts with the best opera houses for a full two years ahead. The Metropolitan Opera House he claims to be the cheapest in point of excellence and service in the world. La Scala charges exactly twice as much for seats and gives only ten operas, all in Italian, in the season where the Metropolitan gives forty-seven in English, French, Italian and German.

Antonio Scotti frankly goes on record as despairing for the vocal situation of

today. "There is a decadence of singing. No more is there a grand manner or a vocal grand tradition. And there are no voices! What is all this absurd fuss-and-feathers over a campaign for American voices? Where are the American voices? Bosh! Where are any voices? Today there are no Nordicas, no Eames, no Homers, no Melbas, no Lehmanns, no Pattis, no de Reszkes, no Sembrichs, no Plançons. Why, at La Scala when they wished to produce 'Turandot' there was no tenor in Italy fit for it and they had to bring over Manuel Fleta. Still worse! Let me tell you that last year when they wished to revive 'Aida' at La Scala there was not one tenor in Italy who could sing it! Well, my friend, there it is. I tell you there is a sad and complete decadence of the voice in the world today. Do not misunderstand me. I am far from decrying the few glorious voices now singing. But I say there are no more appearing on the vocal horizon."

Much more Scotti told me in his worldly wise and mellow, yet boyishly eager way; leaning forward to pat me on the knee to emphasize a point; striding about the room with the vigor of a panther, his snapping black eyes incandescent with life; his lean, aristocratic hands writing delicately etched autographs across the portraits he drew of a few of the great from the crowded procession of his memory.

But of all the acid-edged, graphic portraits he sketched from his thirty-eight years' experience as a great singer and a greater actor, none bit so deeply into the copper of reality as the constant but unconscious limning of himself in every gesture of his life. Actor supreme by profession and training and gift he may be; but off the stage there is no mistaking the real Antonio Scotti—"a veray parfit gentil knight."

KROLL RESIGNS FROM ELSHUCO TRIO

In order to give all his time to solo work, William Kroll has resigned from the violin desk of the Elshuco Trio and from the post of first violinist of the South Mountain Quartet. He has been associated with the Elshuco Trio, which he joined immediately on his graduation from the Institute of Musical Art, for seven seasons, his fellow players being Aurelio Giorni, pianist, and Willem Willeke, 'cellist. His membership in the South Mountain Quartet, founded by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, has extended through six years.

Mr. Kroll announces a New York concert to be given in Carnegie Hall on March 20, when the program is to include two of his compositions, Valse Triste and "Cossack."

PITTSBURGH EVENTS

THE calendar in Pittsburgh contains the following announcements:

- March 15; Elisabeth Rethberg, Carnegie Music Hall.
- March 16 and 17; Dr. Heinrich, organ recitals.
- March 17; Dr. Koch, organ recital.
- March 17; Y. M. & W. H. A. Choral program.
- March 18; Musicians' Club.
- March 23 and 24; Dr. Heinrich, organ recitals.
- March 24; Dr. Koch, organ recital.

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I PLAY THE PICCOLO

(Continued from page 45)

binders of great repute. The band was seated on the stage in a semi-circle like a minstrel ensemble. At one end was "Bi" De La Vergne, the tuba player, and at the opposite end I held down a seat. He and I were, relatively, Bones and Tambo. From early childhood I had been



afflicted with an inferiority complex, being abnormally timid, sensitive and self-conscious; and, as we sat there on the stage that night, waiting for the speakers to appear, when we would puncture the silence with "Hail to the Chief" with the eyes of the large audience focused upon us, I felt it quite a test of self-control.

In this period of silence, the tuba, ex-minstrel man and comedian, turned toward me, and in a loud voice, put this question: "Say, Bones, how yo' all dis ebenin? Say, Bones, why do a hen go 'cross de street?" Had I possessed the nerve to pick up the cue and carry it through we would have scored a knockout, and literally shaken the shingles off the roof. But it was not to be. Stunned and confused by this sudden verbal onslaught, I trembled, turned chameleon in my changes of color, and among the hand-clapping and cat-calls, left my seat and slid back of the scenes, fortunately near at hand.

Go where you may, from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the yellow sands of California, or from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and you will find

active band men and ex-members, and wherever they are, you will find them to be as fine a bunch of fellows as ever lived. The member of a metropolitan band, whose every member is drilled and rehearsed down to perfection plus, gives the glad hand to his country brother, making no attempt at high-hat. In our home town, sometimes the unthinking greeted us as the "corn-stalk band" but, whenever conventions or similar events found us mingling with a dozen other bands in some city, never were we made to feel our inferior position by members of a higher order. They are gentlemen all.

Last night, seated at the radio listening to the excruciating performance of the band at Tompkins' Corners, tears nearly came to my eyes as I heard again sounds so familiar, sounds that recalled the happy days when we assembled in the little hall over the meal store for rehearsal; when we played at the Methodist Church lawn party, and flashed our nifty uniforms be-



fore the pretty girls, exchanging repartee with them. Those were days when we played at the county fair, when we had to march two miles in the ruts of a muddy road. Once more I hear the leader's command:

"Now, sound your A, and when you play this piece, make your notes snappy and staccato. Don't slur."

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DANCING AMERICANS

(Continued from page 27)

Louis Horst. In this Mlle. de Mille achieved pantomimic perfection as a modern soloist.

THE New World Dancers seemed to be trying to reach higher than their wings could carry them.

But, although they and Marga Waldron, in her program at the Lucille La Verne Theatre, failed to achieve a racial character, they showed the fact of their intentions and established an ambitious precedent. Either the glamor of Broadway, or Greenwich Village prevented their reaching the goal this time, which, however, does not mean that the laurels received by Mlle. de Mille and Mr. Weidman the same day cannot be theirs in the future. In the case of Mlle. de Mille the American idiom lay in the alert, humorous mimic features — a carefree cowboy bravado, reminiscent of the characters of Mark Twain, which was only a particle of the issue. But as different as Edgar Allen Poe and Walt Whitman in the field of literature, or Stephen Collins Foster and Edward MacDowell in the realm of music are the idioms of the American dance. The characteristics of the American spirit can stand many interpretations in dance expression.

ROCHESTER GIVES EAR TO "AMERICA"

The Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff, celebrated its return to Rochester, N. Y., after an absence of four or five years, by giving the first local performance of Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, "America," which won Musical America's symphonic prize of \$3,000.

The concert was held in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, and Mr. Sokoloff's evident enthusiasm for "America" led him to make explanatory comments before each of the three sections. The Eastman School Chorus, occupying the first row orchestra seats, sang the closing hymn effectively; and it is unnecessary to say that the work received a more than adequate presentation. The audience, which included practically all of Rochester's musically elect, received the composition with enthusiasm, recalling Mr. Sokoloff so many times that he had finally to say a few words of appreciation.

"America" strikes this writer as clever but uninspired, a thing of the moment only. Howard Hanson's compositions seem more truly and deeply American than this "America."

A charming recital was given at the Women's City Club on a Sunday afternoon by Marjorie Truelove McKown, pianist, and Allison McKown, 'cellist.

—MARY ERTZ WILL

THE BEGGAR APPEARS

The Beggar's Opera has been on view at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco with an English cast, most of the company's members having visited this coast two years ago. Special matinees of Polly were scheduled during the fortnight's run.